

PHOTOGRAPHS OF STAGE BEAUTIES

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LOVE OF WOMAN By Edwin L. Sab

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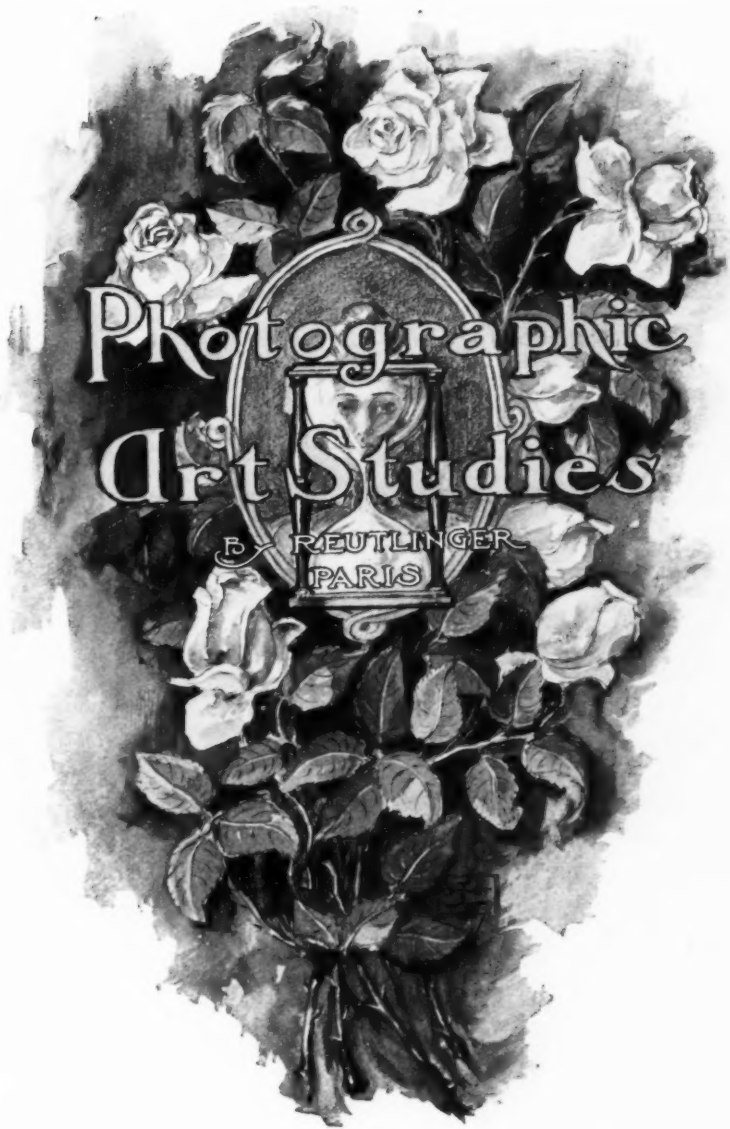
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DRAWN BY F. DE FORREST SCHOOK

There was that in his tone that made the girl flush and tremble

See "The Honor of the Mitchells" —Page 392

THE RED BOOK

MAGAZINE

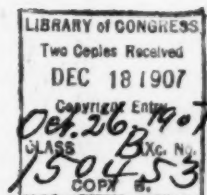
Vol. X

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No. 3



Ugu-leu



Love of Woman

BY EDWIN L. SABIN

Author of "When You Were a Boy," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STICK

IT was four in the morning. The fog-like mist hung low over the sagey desert; the coyotes—you can't repress coyotes, even with an army—were *ki-yi-ing* on their way back to their holes; and I lay there, beneath my blankets, nervous, listening, waiting. It must have been that mysterious sixth-sense—the news-sense of the reporter—which had thus awakened me, suddenly, to hold me in suspense. So I lay, as said, waiting—as if I had heard, in my sleep, a pistol-

shot, and another was about to follow.

All around slumbered the troops—the khaki dog-tents lost in the thick haze. There were snores, and the coughing of a sentry. Beside me somebody stirred; a watch snapped. Roberts, of the *World*—he, too, was awake, then! Perhaps he was affected as I. The air, clammy and heavy, was not only oppressive but impressive. I had felt that way, just preceding an electric-storm.

Close at hand, but invisible, a field-

wireless began to sputter—the sound resembling that of a package of dampened firecrackers exploding at some distance. I grew tense, listening—although I could not catch a letter. However, I knew; I knew that the sounds meant Action, with a big A—somewhere and soon. Whatever was about to occur, my paper depended upon me to find out. That was why I had waked up: to hear the sputtering, and to be ready.

The sputtering ceased; there was a quick tread, and a foot brushed past my head, even brusquely; I caught the rustle of a bit of tissue paper. A message for the commanding-officer! Huh! My news-sense pricked me into sudden acuteness, and instantly in imagination I was out of my blankets. From headquarters' tent—we were rather dependent upon that headquarters' tent, we correspondents, as yet, and clustered faithfully about it—issued the low murmur of voices. More footsteps, figures hurrying from the tent-flaps and diverging into the dimness. Somebody spoke imperatively into a field-telephone.

I sat up. Roberts was sitting up. Abruptly, on our right, pealed the reveille, by Jove! It spread, contagious, other trumpets echoing it, on our left, behind, before.

Everybody else was sitting up—getting up; and amidst the confusion I distinguished the *staccato* of Whitteson's motorcycle! I recognized it; I could recognize that machine by sound alone among a thousand.

In a bunch of newspaper-men thrown together by detail there always are one or two whom the others learn to watch. They are to be feared. When they saunter in a certain direction, or hob-nob casually with a certain person, that direction and that person acquire significance.

On this campaign it was, with me, a constant mental query: "Where's Whitteson?" And it was Whitteson's paper—the *Globe*—which I read whenever I could get my hands on it. The biggest beat of the campaign—our campaign—had been scored by Whitteson, although we had ridiculed it, when it first appeared.

Now the *staccato* of Whitteson's motorcycle jerked me to action exactly as the reveille—which had changed to the assembly—had electrified the soldiers. With a spring I was out of my blankets; hauled on my boots, clapped on my hat, wriggled into my coat, and ducked through my camera-carrying strap; and raising my own motorcycle from where I had stacked it against a bush trundled it into the open. I straddled it. The movement of the troops would probably be westward—at least, inclining westward; for westward lay the invaders, and from westward would come any attack. The duty of a war-correspondent was to be at the front, rather than at the rear; therefore, if I headed westward I was not merely following Whitteson.

Under my vigorous pumping my motorcycle began to talk; but just as the exhaust was working well a guard stuck his bayonet across, in front of me, and I had to stop and show my pass. This was the outermost of the guards; the others had been called in, but he had not been reached. In a moment I was "chucking" away again, sailing through the sage-clumps, into the desert.

Mine was a good machine, better than Whitteson's. It had been bought; Whitteson's had been given to his paper for the advertising that would accrue. 'Twas one of a job-lot, all offered for experiment. I was pretty confident I could catch Whitteson, so I put my hand back and let out another notch of speed. I commenced to hit some of the big sage-clumps rather hard.

The mist was thinning, so I could see farther. I slowed down, and halted, and peered, and listened, steadying my machine by a foot on either side. Humph! There was not a sound save for the twitterings and flittings of the little brown desert-birds. Around about stretched the waste land, the hillocky sage-clumps finally blending their tops into a level carpeting, unbroken by any moving object.

Humph! It seemed like a wild-goose chase. Pushing my machine I wandered on a few steps—and suddenly, what did I see, right beneath me, and running at a tangent, but the straightaway track of a motorcycle—Whitteson's, of course.



The parachute disembarkment

Well, this was luck—luck that Whitteson was going in just the direction I wanted to go. So I mounted my machine again and “chucked” along in the wake, so to speak, of Whitteson.

The mist had entirely dissipated, except as now and then a shred of it lay at the base of a little rise. The reflection from the reddening east was tinging even the farthest west; but the sun was still below the horizon. A great procession of ravens flapped heavily, croaking, athwart the sky over my head, and once I jumped a jack-rabbit. And everlastingly onward reached out that corrugated track of Whitteson’s motorcycle.

Then, unexpectedly, I lost it. I emerged from the sage into a wide expanse of hard gravel, without sign of trail. Thus cast adrift, I did not see where in the deuce I was going to anyway; so I stopped, and stood, my legs soaked to the knees from the whippings of the dew-drenched brush, and once more surveyed the monotonous landscape.

What next? Here I was, and why? At any rate, I was quite far enough from the base of supplies. Drat Whitteson, who had lured me on, and had abandoned me! He could proceed into the Pacific ocean, if he wanted to; but I had quit. My assignment had been to the home-flag, not to the enemy’s. Possibly Whitteson was free to do as he chose; but not I.

About a quarter of a mile, as it appeared, on my left, a small truncated hill stuck above the general rolling level like the knuckle of a thumb. As it seemed to offer a good place whence to reconnoiter and perhaps to find out how far out I really was, I made for it—pushing my machine because it was hardly worth while to mount for such a distance. Besides, the gravel was pretty flinty, horribly bad on tires. However, the quarter of a mile lengthened into a full half. Distances in this country are so deceiving. As I toiled ahead, trundling the heavy wheel, and puffing and perspiring in my coat bulky with camera-cartridges, the beams of the still hidden sun, striking the top of the hill, brought into the highlights a red-cross flag there! I halted, to stare, and be certain: then I pushed on.

I felt as if I might be a candidate, when I got there, for succor.

The gravel continued to the hill and appeared likewise to form the sides. Conscious of being watched, I left my machine at the foot and went scrambling up. The top was flat, and smooth, and hard; and sitting there, his legs out straight, his back against a gnarled fragment of dead cedar, his red-cross flag over him, its staff securely thrust into a crack, was Whitteson.

“Hello!” he said composedly. “Have a seat.”

“Thunder!” I gasped. “I didn’t know you were up here.”

“You seem to have made a close guess, all the same,” he accused calmly.

“Not a bit!” I retorted, resenting the imputation that I had been following him. “I saw the hill, but I was more than half way to it before I noticed the flag. Even then I didn’t suspect it was your hill.”

“You ought to have used your glasses,” he drawled mildly.

So I had, but I never had thought of them; good binoculars they were, too.

“Where’s the rest of them?” inquired Whitteson.

“Don’t know,” I said. “When the reville sounded I didn’t wait, but lit out for the open country. You must have done the same.”

“Yes,” he drawled, dryly; “one of us ‘did the same,’ anyway. I saw you down there, on that old moraine. Lost the tracks, didn’t you?”

“I thought I heard a motorcycle, ahead of mine,” I admitted.

“You were lucky to get out,” he vouchsafed. “The other fellows will be cooped up. The lines will be tighter than a porous-plaster now, I’ll bet you. I’ve had this hill spotted for some time.”

“Expect the general has, too,” I ventured.

“Maybe; but the difference is, he doesn’t want it. It’s a fine place for a newspaper-man, but mighty poor for a soldier. A man in an aëroplane wouldn’t want any better mark than the top of this rock, and a shell exploding in this gravel would turn to shrapnel. No, I think the general will keep to the brush.”

"What's what, anyway, Whitteson?" I asked. "Do you know?"

"You heard the wireless, didn't you? And the fuss it kicked up?"

"Yes, but I couldn't read it, and it must have been in code, besides."

Whitteson smiled grimly—and, I fancied, a mite sarcastically.

"No?" he said. "A war-correspondent is supposed to know everything—and most of it before anybody else does. That wireless message said: 'Enemy advancing'—and also a lot more which I didn't wait to catch."

"I had an idea—that way," I stammered.

"Yes," remarked Whitteson. "As I remarked before, you're a good guesser, Smith."

So the enemy was advancing, was he! A little thrill shot through me. How Whitteson read that wireless, and translated it, I did not dwell upon or question; he was Whitteson—and that was enough. That message had said: "Enemy advancing." 'Twas the first actual inland movement. Everybody—except the so-termed "calamity howlers"—declared the enemy could not land upon the Pacific coast; but he had, and was in practical possession of it from San Diego to Seattle. There, with the ocean at his back, plenty around him, the Hawaiian Islands for his base, and his transports coming ever thicker, he was preparing. And there, confined to his strip, we—"we"—were trying to keep him. We had been poured into Nevada, had edged on, and on, and now, on the very border of California, we were to hold him; at least, whatever part of him came along.

Yet, to the eye, surveying from this flat-topped little hill, all was perfect peace. The sun was now above the horizon, his genial beams flooding the miles of sage-covered desert. The sky was a flawless turquoise; a great hawk swung in slow circles through the zenith; the air was fresh, fragrant, and breezeless. Upon our hill, Whitteson and I seemed the first created, beholding the new world. Was it possible that with an hour, perhaps, this stretch of apparently hitherto uninvaded paradise—so calm it was, so mysteriously enticing—would be a

scene of horrors; would be rent and deluged by all that was most modern and most terrible in the science of human destruction!

"What do you think are the chances, Whitteson?" I tried to speak evenly, and critically, as became a war-correspondent who also had once been a police-reporter and therefore was doubly inured to excitement. But I realized that my voice was queer and husky. I cleared my throat.

"Well," replied Whitteson, deliberately, "if I knew as much as those birds do, I could tell positively," and he jerked his head zenithward.

My hawk was not a hawk, after all. He but partook in the deception of the scene, for he was a buzzard. He had been joined by another. The two of them were circling. Even as I looked, a third floated from somewhere, and added his stately orbits. How, indeed, had these, only feathered members of God's lower creations, foreseen?

"But," resumed Whitteson, having for a moment, with me, watched the buzzards, "I'll put my stake on the Flag—the Flag, every time." He lifted his hat, very simply, and replaced it. "And there it comes," he added.

His eyes or his ears must have been keener than mine; but gazing where he gazed, as he rose to his feet, beneath the sun I glimpsed a flash as of metal; and straining, it seemed to me that I could hear a faint reverberation. Now I did think of my binoculars; through them I saw.

I saw the double line, I saw the men, the machines, the Flag. 'Twas the motorcycle squadron, as an advance detachment dashing through the sage. Suddenly the double line opened, deploying on the center, the men obliquing right and left. Ere the whistle-signal had reached us they were dropping, by twos and threes, from their wheels, having attained their intervals; and presently the squadron had vanished. But I knew that amidst the sage down there below us were lying the men, in pairs, each pair protected by the two machines and shields.

"Well done," commented Whitteson. He turned his glass and swept the sky westward. "The other fellows ought to

be heaving in sight," he said. Then—"Nothing doing," he muttered.

"There will be, when they do come, I fancy," I remarked.

"You're right. They're fighters, by land or by sea."

"You were over there once, weren't you?"

"Six years."

"Oh, is that so?"

He never had told any of us this fact.

"Yes. Went over for the Associated Press to report the fair, and stayed. I almost stayed for good. It's a fascinating land, Smith."

"Why didn't you stay—or were there private reasons?"

"Because I was an American. Hearn stayed, I know; and so have some others. But I tell you, Smith, when a man has been an American he finds it hard to be anything else. You don't often hear of an American being naturalized in another country—taking out citizenship papers, or whatever it is—do you?"



I surveyed the landscape

"N—no," I confessed absent-mindedly, "that's true."

And the while, with my blood still tingling from the sight of the squadron, I was formulating the opening sentence of my dispatch to my paper. The squadron in the sage had given me the cue.

"And yet, it's a country where they know how to live," mused Whitteson. "Maybe not as a white man thinks he has to live; but for the man who will accommodate himself to the atmosphere, it is perfect and satisfying."

"How about the women?" I asked perfunctorily, arranging and rearranging that inaugural, picturing sentence. "Are they pretty? I've often wondered."

Whitteson suddenly turned and walked away, to the edge of our hill-top platform. He stood there with his back to me, and fumbled at his pocket, trying to slip his glass in. Whitteson was a well-built man, broad-shouldered, in-waisted, clean-limbed, and a six-footer, but as he stood, outlined against the sky, fumbling in that helpless fashion, trying to stow the glass in the pocket, I felt a sudden pity for him—and a disgust for myself. What the dickens had I done, anyway? What had I said? He turned again, and strode to me, his eyes dark and wet.

"Smith," he said earnestly, laying a hand on my shoulder, "if ever you find a girl, good—or even by the world dubbed 'bad,' who loves you and whom you can love—honorably love—then love her—love her—love her, man; stay by her; don't throw her away: for a woman who loves you is the greatest thing that God will give. Nothing can take its place. I tell you, Smith, a man who has had it offered, and has refused it, is haunted by that act all his days. There is always the one face, the one voice, the one step, for which the others are only pitiful substitutes. I didn't realize that when I went over there; I was so much of a free lance. I realize it now."

He dropped his hand from my shoulder and walked away a few paces.

"You met her, then, did you?" I stammered.

I might have said something else; but it seemed as if I had to say something.

"Yes, I met her. Her name was Ugu-isu

—means 'nightingale.' She was a dancer. You see, Smith, I didn't quite catch on, at first. To be a dancer is a regular, respected trade, over there. I thought I had to amuse myself—she was a toy-girl, to me. But those folks don't fool as we Caucasians do. I knew her all the time I was there. That is, I thought I knew her; but blame it, Smith—"

He choked, and dashed his hand across his eyes.

"Oh, pshaw!" he continued, "I couldn't have stayed—no, I couldn't. This war was coming; it was bound to come, and the sentiment was against us 'foreigners,' already, making a fellow constantly hot under the collar. And, anyway, I had the *heimweh* for old New York.

"It had been, all along, from her, 'Most Honorable Meestar Weet-is-son,' with a courtesy and a smile; but now, on a sudden, when I told her, it was 'Oh, Honorable Meestar Weet-is-son!' with a clasping of my knees, and a wail. Clapsed my knees—my knees, Smith; that flower, that 'toy'-girl.

"Ugu-isu, I'll come back," I promised.

"Honorable Meestar Weet-is-son, you come back?" she insisted.

"Yes, Ugu-isu, I'll come back."

"Honorable Meestar Weet-is-son not angry with miserable me?" she queried.

"No, Ugu-isu, I couldn't be angry with you. You're the sweetest girl in the world," I said; and I kissed her.

"Then I wait—I wait for Honorable Meestar Weet-is-son," she sighed, comforted right away. "If you not come to me, I come to you."

"Why didn't you bring her back with you—if you wanted her?" I hazarded.

Whitteson kicked savagely at a bit of gravel, and stooping, flung it down.

"Because I was an out-and-out piker—a mucker, Smith. Because I stopped and wondered how it would look if I did bring her back with me; how would my friends there in New York take it. Why, Smith—why, blame it, man—oh—so I left her like a brute—but I didn't know.

"And she went down even to the dock, and the last words she said were: 'If you not come to me, I come to you, Honorable Meestar Weet-is-son.'



The Nippon foe

"And she said them with a smile—those confounded Orientals have to preserve 'face,' you understand—but it was a mighty wan smile, and tears were in her eyes. Ugu-isu, Ugu-isu, my little flower, my little nightingale! And I've never been back."

"You think she's waited, do you?"

I intended to console him with reasonable doubt; but he caught at my words almost angrily.

"Waited? Of course she's waited! I only wish I could think she hadn't."

"And now—" I ventured.

"And now," he repeated moodily.

"Yes, it's war; between her people and my people; between this land, and that. But someday, somehow, Smith, I believe I'll see her again, just the same. I do see her, now, because I dream of her often. What I mean is, really see her, and have her. It may be when we're both old, and it may be when we're both dead. I've missed my chance, but I can't think Fate decrees that I've missed it forever. Poor little girl—the poor little girl. And I

simply went away and left her, because I didn't know—didn't know the worth and the scarcity of the right woman and the real love. And she said: 'I come to you!'

"What if she's tried, Smith! That's the worst feature. What if she's tried—and never got to me! Sometimes I dream of her, trying—"

It would seem we had actually forgotten we were on a lone constricted *mesa* in the sagey desert, with a battlefield prospective spread below us. But now the clear notes of a bugle-call were wafted up to us.

"Hi!" said Whitteson, alertly. "There they come. This is war, not love, Smith. I don't know why I told you all the stuff—sort of story of my life, in ten volumes. Forget it, old man. You'll have plenty to remember, without it. By Jove—here comes the enemy, too! See those specks? Aëroplanes!"

Like a score of great brownish beetles the army-motors, in column front, were rolling, headlong westward, through the sage. But although this was the first war-test of the recently adopted vehicles, I turned from them to watch, more interested, the aëroplanes.

In two lines they apparently hung balanced over the purple-blue, snow-capped barrier of the western mountain-range. So steady was their flight they gave the impression of growing, rather than of approaching. Descried through the glass, they might have been a bevy of condors—I supposed, condors, but the bird and I had never met. 'Twas too far to distinguish the figures which they undoubtedly bore; but in their unswerving, even, onward course over the lofty peaks, was an element of the grim and mysterious.

Less mysterious, but not less grim, were those army-motors of ours—those beetles crashing remorselessly through the pungent brush. In their war-paint of dun gray, holding each fifty men—half a company—they represented the Anglo-Saxon directness and obstinacy, as the facile aëroplanes represented Oriental obliquity and shiftiness.

"You'll have to hurry," murmured Whitteson. "If those fellows drop a bomb into any of you before you unload—

that's right, put up your canopies, quick!

"And for Heaven's sake, get your men scattered!" he cried with sudden intensity.

The aëroplanes had grown amazingly. Their bat-wings, their skeleton out-riggers, and their long, keel-shaped bodies, were clear, to the glass. One could almost fancy he heard the whirring of the propellers.

"I don't know—" muttered Whitteson. "Three—four big machines; and those smaller ones, in the second rank—no! Hold on, Smith. See! See what they're doing? They're making a landing! The first machines look big, because they're coming on; those behind have slowed up. Huh! Regular circus-performance, isn't it!"

Aye! For from the rear-line machine-specks were floating down in a perfect shower. 'Twas the parachute disembarkment; and straining at it through the binoculars I was reminded of those pictures, in fairy-books, of elves descending, with stiff wings, to dance in the moonlight. Having disgorged, as it were, the transport aëroplanes wheeled and sped back; but still on came the four.

For a moment I turned from them, and focused upon the motors, where flew the Flag. They had halted—looking now, with their smooth, turtle-back, steel canopies up, more than ever like beetles—and the men were tumbling out. The bugle pealed again, and again, exhorting, commanding, imploring. At double time, in single files, rifles at a trail, the men trotted through the sage to positions. Ah, there were the batteries unlimbering. The stilt-mounted rapid-fire guns might have been telescopes.

The aëroplanes were huge, and near. I remember wetting my lips, and re-wetting them. I remember counseling myself over and over that I must not take pictures against the sun. I remember trying to stuff my glass into my vest-pocket—and failing, without understanding why. I remember buttoning and unbuttoning my coat. I remember wondering if the aëroplanes might not disregard our red-cross flag, or might not make a mistake and drop a bomb on us. I remember endeavoring to convince myself that this

was really to be a battle—that I was about to be eye-witness to the first field-combat under the most modern conditions, between two great nations.

"There they go!" exclaimed Whitteson.

A thin blue haze had sprung from the sage, down there on the north, and suddenly the equally thin, unpretentious reports of smokeless powder struck my ears. It had no more volume than the distant patter of hail, but I knew that with the most deadly weapons at its command the army of the defence had opened fire.

I tried to be cool and observe everything. And I was cool. Somehow, it all seemed to me like watching hunters shooting at ducks during a flight. The four *aéroplanes*, about five hundred yards high, sped past us, on one side, making straight for the pregnant sage. Abruptly they split into pairs, one pair swinging to the left, one to the right—just as I have witnessed ducks do when the hunters rise to pull the trigger. And then the pelting steel smote them.

No haphazard, blind banging-away was this; but American soldiers with American guns and powder were doing their level-best to uphold the traditions of the service.

I heard the crack of breaking metal; I heard the "ching!" of deflected bullets; I saw one *aéroplane*, with both wings broken and its gas-reservoir punctured, drop like a great mallard shot through the brain; and I heard the crash of it when it landed on that gravelly moraine across which so long, long ago I had trudged; I saw another tilt, reverse itself, and pitching, whirling, like a kite without a tail, or a mallard with one wing broken, spilling bodies, grotesquely gyrating, at every motion, slant abruptly into the sage and into the hostile line; and I saw a third, its rudder apparently disabled, skim right over us, and continue on, and on, sinking lower and lower, like a duck wing-tipped, until it disappeared far in the east—there to be found, later, on the banks of the Rio Grande, and captured, with its surviving crew.

But the fourth, seemingly uninjured, swept adown the front of the guns. Lit-

tle bursts of white amidst the brush showed where lighted its grenades. It passed over us, described a great circle and returned. The American fire was concentrated upon it; thus might a bewildered duck—I have seen snipe and pigeon do it—deprived of its mate, circle and recircle over the ambushed sportsman.

'Twas back, with its rain of bombs. Suddenly the American fire slackened, and a cheer went up—a cheer for the hapless and the brave.

"Rudder jammed," muttered Whitteson.

The peppering discharge started in, once more, with added fury. It, like the cheer, was hearty. On this, the fourth circuit, the *aéroplane* was lower. As it soared above us I could hear the swish of its framework against the air, the buzz of its propellers, and could glimpse the flash of white teeth in swarthy faces. Bullet-holes thickly specked its webbing; bullets had gashed its body. It was desperation so vivid as to be personified; and we—Whitteson and I—we off with our hats and gave it a cheer.

"By thunder! Wish it would get away," escaped from Whitteson, admiringly.

A fifth time around? No! How the machine had kept up so long, was a marvel, and now its end had come. On the home-stretch—as you might style it—of the fifth circuit the inevitable happened—and the wonder was, as I stated, that the inevitable had not happened before. In full flight, approaching us, the *aéroplane*, all of a sudden—I have no other word so expressive—"busted." As a simultaneous disintegration, one propeller left it and went spinning like a child's paper windmill, a shell burst in the body and tore out the whole bottom, and a wing collapsed like a plantain-leaf; and with the other wing extended, and the opposite propeller still working, wobbling, swaying, the big air-ship came fluttering to earth. The firing had stopped again; everybody watched.

"Say! It's liable to land right on top of us, Smith!" ejaculated Whitteson.

For with its one wing and its one propeller and the gaping hole in its keel,



Wobbling, swaying, the big airship came fluttering to earth

carried on by its momentum, the gallant old wreck seemed destined to light squarely on our little *mesa*. Not a person remaining in it was alive, so far as I could see. 'Twas a ship which had utterly fought itself out.

"No, it's going to clear us," I said, and held my breath.

My voice sounded to me strained and small.

But just before reaching us the wreck veered and staggered. A current of air must have destroyed its balance, for rearing, it turned completely over—as might any ship, in a last convulsion—and dropping a passenger from its interior it passed, to clatter along the gravel of the slope beyond us.

"Look out!" cried Whitteson, sharply; and as surely as I write this he caught the descending figure in his brawny, up-raised, arms.

He laid it gently down.

'Twas that of a soldier in the uniform of the empire.

"Lend a hand, will you, Smith?" bade Whitteson. "I don't believe he's dead. Did you see how I caught the beggar? If I hadn't he'd have mashed flat. Wait! Let me find his heart. Pulse is beating, isn't it? Got any liquor? Give him a little—rub his face—what?"

I noted him start, and turn pale; and at the instant the eyes of the derelict opened—beautiful eyes they were—and the lips smiled.

"How do, Meestar Weet-is-son."

"Ugu-isu! Oh, Ugu-isu!" breathed Whitteson, reverently; and he gathered the slender form convulsively, hungrily, into his arms.

"You sorry I come, Meestar Weet-is-son?" Such a plaintive little voice it was that asked it.

"Ugu-isu! And you have come, my little flower!"

"You no come to me; I be soldier an' come to you."

"Is she hurt, do you think?" I asked quickly.

"Are you hurt, Ugu-isu?" he queried, anxiously.

"No hurt."

Feeling rather *de trop*, I left them and went to inspect the battlefield. I had not taken a single picture!

Whitteson came striding toward me, through the brush. He looked so much younger I scarcely knew him. As for myself, I was just realizing that I had had no breakfast.

"Your machine has more horse-power than mine, hasn't it, Smith?" he demanded. "Will it carry double? Will it, old man?"

"Yes—and 'woman-broke' besides," I replied, with a grin.

"Well then, I guess I'll trade with you, if you don't mind, and get back to camp."

"All right," I said. "With your 'spoil of war,' I suppose."

"You bet." He hesitated. "And yet we doubt miracles. Anything I can send off for you?" he added, as he turned quickly away.

"No, thanks," I responded. "Invite me to the wedding, is all."

And he left—and, dazed as he was, his was the best report of the day. And in due time left Roberts, and I, and all of us, dashing madly after, for the wireless press-station—perspiring, hungry, our only food our news—severally to inform the waiting world that the enemy was attempting lodgment inland; that a covering diversion by dreaded *aéroplane* had been smashed, as once at Santiago had been smashed the Spanish fleet, that an advance in force by the American troops was now under way—and that the only prisoner of the morning skirmish had fallen—literally—to a non-combatant; more particulars later.



The bishop looked over the top of his paper

Barbara's Bishop

BY IRVINE GRAFF

ILLUSTRATED BY BLANCHE V. FISHER

THE bishop looked over the top of his paper and eyed the diminutive figure on the seat beside him. An expression of concern clouded his gentle, kind old face, and once, unknown to himself, a sigh escaped him.

The rapt blue eyes of the child were withdrawn from the flying landscape.

"Does it hurt?" she asked anxiously.

"What?" the bishop demanded. "Does what hurt?"

"That awfu' big breaf," returned Barbara, a little furrow of anxiety still wrinkling her baby brow. "Muvver's big breaf always hurts her here." A dimpled hand was laid on her round stomach.

The bishop put down his paper.

"Does God let peoples have big breafs up in Heaven?" Barbara went on.

"No, dear child, no."

"Is it as wicked for grown-ups to tell stories as for childrens?"

"I am afraid it is," the bishop answered sadly. "I am afraid it is wicked."

"Then they was drefful wicked to tell me the angels tooked muvver up to Heaven. They didn't, 'cause mineself saw her." Barbara's lip quivered and a big tear hovered uncertainly on her long lashes. "An' Tommy telled me the nundertakers were goin' to put her in the ground. I don't see how the angels can find her if the nundertakers put her in the ground. Why do nundertakers put peoples in the ground?"

"Who is Tommy?" asked the bishop.

"The gwocery-store's little boy. I can wun faster'n Tommy."

"No!" scoffed the bishop.

An unexpected dimple appeared in Barbara's left cheek.

"I can," she averred. "I ommy is five, goin' on six. Mineself will be four mine next birfday."

"Four next birthday," mused the bishop. "Four next birthday." Then he added, unconsciously aloud, "I wonder what Jemima will say."

It was a thought that had persistently haunted him since he conceived the idea of taking the child home.

"Who's Je—Jemima?" queried Barbara.

"Jemima is my sister."

"What do you fink Je—Jemima will say about what?" pursued Barbara, indefatigably.

"About you," returned the bishop, smiling.

"Don't you fink she will wove mine-self very much?" This with an engaging display of dimples.

The bishop thought of the austere Jemima and inwardly groaned.

Tenderness of any kind had been absolutely lacking in his sister since, years before, he had discovered the perfidy of her lover—handsome Jim Sawyer, ne'er-do-weel and spendthrift—just in time to prevent their marriage. Jemima, instead of being grateful to the bishop for saving her from an overwhelming disaster, had from that time harbored the bitter animosity against the old man that proved one of the many thorns in his crown of existence. Far from resenting this, however, he met it with rare sympathy, for he realized that from him had come the death-blow to all her dreams of happiness.

Twilight was fast shutting out the kaleidoscopic scenery and Barbara grew drowsy. With instinctive trust she climbed upon the bishop's knee and nestled her curly head in his enfolding arm.

"Didn't God twim the sky pretty to-night?" she murmured sleepily, as the train, rounding a curve, showed them the brilliant West all golden and purple from the fires of the setting sun. Presently the heavy lashes drooped, the little form relaxed, and Barbara slept.

The bishop thought of many things. Again and again the cry rang through his consciousness—"What will Jemima say?"—until the words set themselves to the whirr of the wheels and the two became indistinguishable. Not for an instant, however, did he regret what he had done. If the worst came to the worst and his home should prove an unhappy one for Barbara, he knew his old friend next door, long wanting to adopt a child, would receive her with open arms. Yet he sighed as he thought of parting so soon from a new-found happiness.

He carried Barbara the few short blocks from the station to his house and was obliged to put down his little black bag while he fumbled to fit the key into the lock with his left hand. Miss Duncan, passing through the hall at the moment, and surprised at the awkward click of the key, opened the door herself. Her sharp features stiffened visibly into an expression of grim amazement when she beheld her brother.

"Bertram," she demanded frigidly, pointing an accusing forefinger at the slumbering Barbara, "what's that?"

The bishop looked down at his little burden, as if half-expecting to find it transformed into something wholly different, like the infant in Alice's arms during that heroine's journey through Wonderland.

Then he looked up and smiled appealingly.

"It's a child, Jemima."

Miss Duncan sniffed discouragingly. "A child! Whose child?"

"If you will let me come in," the bishop returned with dignity, "I shall tell you all the circumstances."

Grimly silent, Miss Duncan led the way into the library and, turning, drew erect her tall, angular figure.

"Whose child?" she repeated.

"She is going to be our child, Jemima," the old man answered wistfully. "She's going to be a little sunbeam in the house and make us sometimes forget ourselves to be children with her. She is g—"

"Where did you get her?"

The bishop sighed patiently.

"I had a large communicant-class last night in a poor church at Lansing. Before we went into the church the rector—one of the loveliest men, Jemima, it has ever been my fortune to meet—told me that across the street a dying woman had asked to be confirmed. Directly after service I went with Mr. Drayton and found the most pitiful case. The woman's husband had deserted her and left her with this child in the most straitened circumstances. She told me—poor, poor soul!—that she had insurance sufficient to cover her funeral expenses but that there would be absolutely nothing for the child."

The bishop paused and looked at his sister; but her features betrayed no hint of softening.

"The woman died this morning," he went on in a lower tone, unconsciously drawing Barbara closer to him, "and the neighbors, one and all, seemed to be blest with sufficient progeny of their own, for no one would take her in. The rector said he thought a Home would be the only place for her, but—but I thought I should like to have Barbara to cheer up our home, Jemima. She is really a lovely child."

"I am sure, Bertram," began Miss Jemima, with cold, injured dignity, "I am sure that for thirty years I have done my best for your comfort in every possible way. If I have failed—"

The bishop raised a protesting hand. "It is not a question of failure," he demurred gently. "It is only the question of a little more sunshine in the house. And Barbara is a veritable beam of sunshine, Jemima."

If Jemima noted the wistful eagerness in the old man's voice and gave a thought to the time, thirty years before, when the bishop's beautiful wife and little daughter had left this world together, she gave no sign.

"Last year," she returned, "it was a broken-down abused horse you brought home. The creature has been eating his head off in the stable ever since and is of no use to anybody, since James assures me he is lame in three legs and can't walk with the other."

There was no humorous appreciation

of this literal account of James' report; her grievance was too deep-seated to take note of any light side-issues.

"Last month it was a stray dog which, I assure you, Bertram, eats as much as a man. And last Thursday, when you referred me to your coat-pocket for stamps I found a kitten curled up inside—which makes, Bertram, the ninth kitten this year."

Her voice rose to a wail of bitter reproach.

"In the wildest flights of my imagination," concluded poor Miss Jemima, who looked totally lacking in this particular, "I never dreamed that your propensity for collecting homeless waifs would reach a child."

"Neither did I," returned the bishop earnestly, "neither did I. But as I am blessed with an income more than sufficient for our needs, it seems to me that it would be very wrong for us to turn aside this Heaven-sent opportunity of doing good."

"Humph," said Miss Jemima, "I don't know about that. A child is not only a nuisance, but a tremendous responsibility. She must be clothed and fed and educated—"

"And loved," interposed the bishop. "Don't forget that, Jemima. And loved."

"Humph," said Miss Jemima again, with an acrid twist to the word. "I shall leave that to you, Bertram. I do not love children."

The child in the bishop's arms stirred uneasily.

"I do not love children," repeated Miss Jemima, her sense of injury growing deeper.

"Hush!" commanded the bishop.

But it was too late; Barbara had heard.

"Are you Je—Jemima?" she inquired, sitting up suddenly and clasping the bishop about the neck.

Miss Jemima nodded. Despite herself she was startled at the rare beauty of the little face, laid lovingly against the bishop's cheek.

"Does mine self have to wove you?" demanded Barbara.

The bishop flashed his sister an appealing glance, which was willfully ignored.

"Certainly not."

Barbara heaved a satisfied sigh.

"But mineself woves mine bishop."

The unfinished thought was obvious.

"Some day," whispered the bishop, keenly distressed, "some day you will learn to love my sister very much."

"When, Bertram," demanded Miss Jemima frigidly, "did—Barbara have her supper?"

"Bless me!" cried the bishop in sudden consternation. "She didn't have any supper. Is—is it too late now?"

"It is half-past seven," returned Miss Jemima, with severe displeasure. "We don't dine until eight, as you know, and I must say you should have realized that eight o'clock is too late for such a baby."

"I never thought about it at all," confessed the bishop, crestfallen. "We had lunch with Mr. Drayton and came home on the 5:20 train. Barbara should have had something to eat before we left. I cannot understand how I came to overlook the child's supper. It was stupid of me, extremely stupid."

"It was," concurred Miss Jemima. "Evidently there are no women in Mr. Drayton's establishment. Ah, here is Maggie. Give this child some bread and milk, Maggie, at once, then take her upstairs. You will find me in the front room."

Maggie's eyes met the bishop's, and a smile lit up her honest, homely face.

"Come along, me darlin', and see Peter."

But Barbara was loathe to leave the bishop.

"Who," she demanded, "is Peter?"

"Come and see," enticed Maggie, mysteriously.

Barbara's curiosity overcame her and she went.

A few days later the bishop went after dinner to call upon his old friend, Miss Everett. As their two lawns adjoined

he walked across the grass and drank in eagerly the moonlit beauty of the night.

"Peter," he demanded, coming to a full stop, "do you realize what a wonderful place this world is?"

Peter, the big mongrel, stopped, too, and eagerly scanned the horizon. But as no cats appeared within range of his vision, his tail assumed a disgusted droop, clearly signifying that in his opinion a world without cats was a very poor place. There was something positively uncanny about the varied shades of meaning that could be expressed by Peter's tail. An unexpected quirk in the middle added an air of marked individuality to that member, further enhanced by

the jaunty angle at which it was usually carried. Peter was secretly very much ashamed of his tail, but he bore it aloft with a regal air, being, in his way, something of a philosopher; and high-bred dogs who dared to sneer at his misfortune, never did so again. For Peter's heart was valiant, and Peter's jaws were strong.



"Come along, me darlin', and see Peter."

The bishop stooped and patted the ugly head.

"But sometimes, old fellow," he sighed, "the world is a very complicated place."

Peter heartily agreed. Could anything be more complicating than to have every fiber in your being quiver with deadly antagonism towards the feline race and then have a collection of these creatures put in your charge, under your special protection? Only a few days before a gray kitten had been added to the number, a nasty, spiteful little vixen who held him in no respect whatsoever, as four deep scratches on his moist black nose could amply testify. Peter had never heard the admonition—"Love your enemies"—but he bore his scratches with the forbearing patience of a martyr, for in his ugly, ungainly body there beat a gallant loyal heart and Peter's love for the bishop was a genuine thing.

He escorted the bishop to Miss Everett's porch and then stretched himself out at full length on the bottom step, his big head on his paws, one eye alertly cocked for a glimpse of any stray cat on whom he might freely vent his pent-up animosity.

The bishop made his way into the drawing-room and greeted the fragile little lady there with a keen sense of pleasure. As he took up the cup of clear, strong coffee she gave him and seated himself in a big chair opposite hers near the fire—for the Spring evening was chilly—he sighed with a wistful satisfaction. Only on Sunday evenings did *Jemima* allow him after-dinner coffee.

The little old lady looked at him keenly and fancied that even during the week she had not seen him, his silvered hair had become whiter, his shoulders more stooped.

"Tell me," she asked, "how is Miss Duncan?"

This was invariably her opening question, although it did not follow that she was at all anxious about the state of Miss Duncan's health. In fact, a strong antagonism existed between the two—on her part carefully concealed, on Miss *Jemima's* open and vindictive. Several times, to please the bishop, she had dined at the Duncans; but the big, ugly dining-

room and the big, ugly china, arranged on the table with mathematical precision, oppressed her and filled her heart with an aching pity for the bishop in these stiff, unhomelike surroundings. Once or twice she had asked them to dine with her, but Miss *Jemima's* unbending frigidity of manner had made her loath to repeat the invitation. Poor Miss *Jemima*! Blindly she resented the comfortable, old-fashioned dining-room with its wealth of flowers, the dainty china—above all, the gracious little hostess with her merry laugh and her bright flashes of humor; and she was miserably, if unconsciously, jealous of the frank delight her brother took in Miss Everett's society. Grudgingly, however, she acknowledged the old lady's charm—a charm which she, although many years younger than Miss Everett, could never hope to have—and occasionally vaguely wondered why she had never married. Little did she guess it was love for her brother which had kept Miss Everett single all these years, and the bishop himself never dreamed of it.

"How is your sister?" she asked again.

"Well, very well, thank you," answered the bishop, gazing abstractedly into the fire. He was wondering how he could best approach the object of his visit.

Miss Everett considerably plunged into the middle of it by the question:

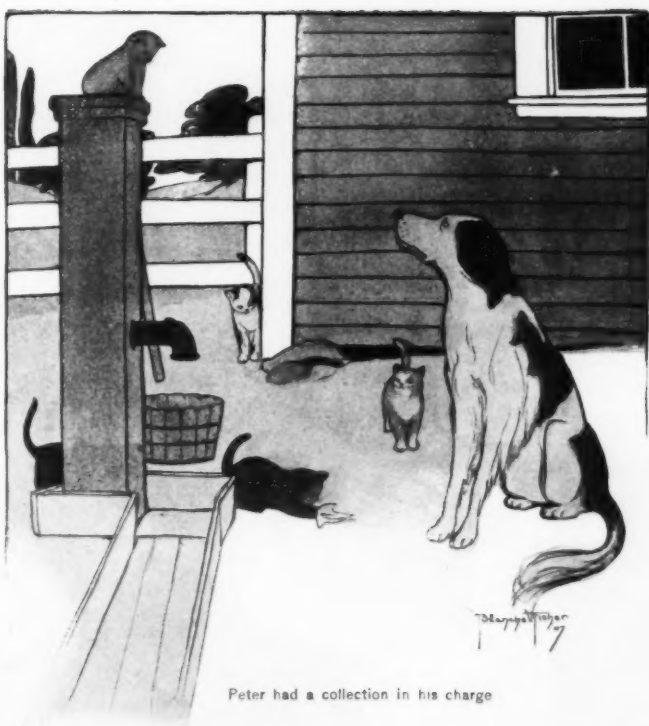
"Who, Bertram, is that beautiful child I have seen so often playing with Peter?"

"Barbara," answered the bishop slowly, "is a child that I should, if it weren't for *Jemima*, like to adopt."

And then eagerly he told his story.

"Don't you think," Miss Everett asked gently, when he had finished, "don't you think that in some way it could be managed?"

The bishop shook his head. With grief he had finally realized that the greatest opposition to his plan came from *Barbara* herself. She treated Miss *Jemima* with a placid indifference that no harsh words or tentative overtures could dispel. Obedient, tractable—no fault could be found with her; but while dimpled smiles were extravagantly lavished upon the bishop, Maggie and Kate, and Peter,



Peter had a collection in his charge

and the cats, Miss Jemima was ignored, and showed herself sensitive to the slight by an added austerity.

"No," he returned, "I don't see how it can be managed. It is not a happy home for Barbara."

"Nor for you," added Miss Everett to herself, with a swift pang. But she smiled cheerily as she dropped a third lump of sugar into the bishop's second cup of coffee.

"Give her to me," she said briskly.

"As you know, Bertram, I have for some time wanted to adopt a child, but I have never come across one that just suited my fancy. When we get old, Bertram, I think we may be permitted to have a few fancies, don't you?"

She laughed with a half-pathetic, half-merry twinkle in her eyes.

"Barbara," she continued, "suits my fancy. Looking at it from a purely mercenary standpoint, it will be to the child's advantage to come to me; looking at it from my purely selfish standpoint, it will be a veritable blessing: for, sometimes,

Bertram, I have the curious fancy to be loved."

Her eyes were fixed on the fire and in their depths the bishop read an expression of loneliness he had never before detected. Always trotting about on errands of mercy, her brisk little figure could be seen at any time of day in the poorer quarters of the city, and he knew there were hundreds of cases of distress which she had relieved and which no one would ever hear about. She had always told him she was too busy to be unhappy, and he, with unquestioning, childlike innocence, had always believed her.

"On the other hand," went on Miss Everett practically, "perhaps if we have patience, the way may be opened for you to keep Barbara. Are you sure Miss Duncan is as obdurate as she pretends to be?"

"How selfish I am!" answered the bishop with keen self-reproach. "Perhaps, if she came to you, Millicent, the child would cheer up your loneliness a bit—"

"Nonsense!" retorted the little lady



'God bwess mine bishop an' Maggie an' the kittens an' old Peter'

energetically. "I am too busy to allow cobwebs of that sort to collect in my brain. Now, what you want to do is to go away for two or three days, Bertram, and let your sister and Barbara fight it out alone. I don't doubt that you have put your foot in it a number of times when they were on the verge of making up. Take my advice and—clear out. In some ways, dear friend, you are as blind as a bat."

"Peter," exclaimed the bishop, meeting his friend on the front porch, "Miss Everett is a wonderful old lady!"

Peter's tail expressed entire approval of these sentiments.

As he went up to his room a little later the bishop heard Barbara's voice in excited argument with his sister.

"But mineself wants to say mine pwayers," the child insisted, after a sharp command from Miss Jemima to go to sleep.

"Say them then, and be quick about it."

"God bwess mine bishop an' Maggie an' the kittens an' cwoss old Kate an' Peter," said Barbara, breathing hard and fast with the effort to remember all the personages who belonged in her prayer. "Amen."

"Haven't you forgotten somebody?" Miss Jemima asked, almost wistfully, as she involuntarily swept her fingers through the tangled mop of short curls.

Barbara considered, then shook her head emphatically.

"No. Peter comes last."

"But where," asked Miss Jemima, with great hesitation, "where do I come in, Barbara?"

Joyously the bishop tiptoed his way to his room, in his heart the glimmering of a great hope, which would have been ruthlessly shattered had he delayed another instant.

"You don't come," returned Barbara placidly, scrambling back into bed.

As she did so a little locket fell from about her neck and opened as it struck the floor.

"Oo-ee, mine faver!" she exclaimed, holding out her hand as Miss Jemima picked up the trinket. But Miss Jemima's face had grown very white as she gazed, fascinated, into the face in the locket.

"Your—father! Is this man—your father?"

Barbara nodded, too frightened by Miss Jemima's manner to speak, and was suddenly caught up in a wild embrace.

"Jim's child!" murmured the spinster, brokenly. "Jim's child!"

Two or three evenings later the bishop, who had followed Miss Everett's advice to "clear out," ran eagerly upstairs to discover how successfully his diplomacy had worked, and, staggered by the evidence of his senses, came to an abrupt halt in the doorway of the nursery.

With Barbara tight in her arms, Miss Jemima was rocking violently back and forth singing with more volume than melody, "Rock of ages, cleft for me," while Peter, sheepish but resigned, sprawled at her feet, an enormous pink bow tickling his left ear.

"Mineself," announced Barbara, "wants to say mine prayers."

Miss Jemima ceased her hymn abruptly in the middle of the last line of the second verse. Two little arms crept lovingly about her neck.

"God bwess mine Je—Jemima," murmured the child drowsily, "an' Maggie an' Kate an' the kittens an' mine bishop an' Peter. Amen."

The bishop felt unaccountably out of it, and longed to join this cheery circle.

"Where, Jemima," he demanded, his fine old face radiant with happiness, "do I come in?"

"Somewhere, Bertram," returned the literal Miss Jemima, with unconscious humor, "somewhere between me and Peter."

Pepin's Christmas

BY GUY NORSE ARMSTRONG

Author of "Pepe Carmona's Bull-Fight,"

PEPIN lived with his mother in a tall building in the Rue de la Grande Chaumière. Their bare rooms were on the *troisième étage, sur l'entresol*, and overlooked the academy of Calorossi, where art-students from all parts of the world came to study; what was more important, it was immediately opposite Madame Potvin's *pension*.

Calorossi's, Madame Potvin's students' boarding-house, the Rue de la Grande Chaumière, and his mother's poor flat were Pepin's world.

The students who made their home at Madame Potvin's learned to know Pepin, and to look for him on his balcony.

And Pepin, on his balcony, returned the compliment, and, with wondering eyes, looked down upon them and the street of the Grand Thatched House, and speculated at the coming and going of these students through the great door of Madame Potvin's house—the door that shut out from his world the mysteries of the place, which, because he could not see, his young imagination insisted upon depicting as a marvelous habitation indeed; upon the models that gathered daily in front of Calorossi's; upon the women fish-peddlers who came each morning crying in their shrill voices—"*Poisson, poisson*," in a tone that cut one like a knife and made one think of Madame La Farge in Dicken's great story of the French revolution.

In his small way Pepin wondered at the life thus opened to his view, but, for all he puzzled his poor little brain, he could never satisfactorily explain to himself how those strange people came to be living there in front of him: those queer folks, in appearance not unlike others he knew, but who spoke a foreign jargon that was so harsh to his delicate ears.

Pepin was an inventor and had arranged a wonderful telephone constructed out of baking-powder-cans and a string, that connected with the lower balcony, from which vantage point his friend

and companion, Jean Baptiste made observations on life.

Daily, almost hourly, conversations over the string were carried on by those two investigators—conversations perfectly audible in the street below—Pepin's frequent request being for enlightenment upon those incomprehensible people opposite. Jean Baptiste, more phlegmatic than his inquisitive coöperator on the telephone-line, could give him no information, and usually dismissed his friend's inquiries with a shrug of the shoulders and a characteristic French "Bah!"

So Pepin's big brown eyes watched and marveled and Madame Potvin's guests became one of the inexplicable wonders to him.

Madame Le Père, Pepin's mother, was a cripple and conducted the simple marketing for her household from the same balcony from which Pepin operated his telephone.

To facilitate the task she had a basket which, attached to a long piece of twine, she let down to the peddlers below, drawing it up filled with her purchases. Pepin, on occasion, made use of this primitive elevator to transport mud-pies from his balcony to that of his friend Jean Baptiste.

One day one of these odd people who lived at Madame Potvin's called to Pepin to lower his basket to the street, and, when Pepin drew it up again—wonder of wonders! a bright new *franc* lay shining in the bottom.

Pepin, with a quick hand, snatched it out, bit it to see if it was good, and ran to tell his cripple mother.

"*Donnez moi, mon petit*," cried Madame Le Père, "I will buy you something for your *fête* day."

"When is my *fête* day, *ma mère*?" asked Pepin.

"You were born on the *fête* of Saint Noël. It is next month, my son."

Pepin said no more, but after that he did not inquire of Jean Baptiste about

those strange people at Madame Potvin's, for he now was certain they must be rich to give away *francs* like that.

Then the weather got very cold, for it was the month of December, and Pepin did not appear so often on his frosty balcony, but found amusement watching the little stove in his mother's room as it grew red from the coal with which his mother fed it.

One evening, while engaged in his favorite occupation of watching the coal sputter and flare up as his mother poked it, there was a knock at the door; on Pepin's opening it, he was astonished to see the same odd gentleman who had given him the *franc*. Pepin ran to his mother, for he was unaccustomed to strangers. A lady followed the gentleman into the room, and, as Pepin looked at her from behind his mother's skirts, he thought he had never beheld a more beautiful creature.

The lady spoke. Her soft voice and queer French won Pepin's heart.

"Would *madame*," she asked, "allow little Pepin to come over to Madame Potvin's the next day? For it is Christmas, you know."

"And Pepin's *fête day*," Madame Le Père answered. "Will he not annoy you?"

"Quite the contrary," and Pepin thought the lady more beautiful than ever as she smiled, "we should be delighted, especially if it's his birthday."

"Pepin, would you like to go?" asked his mother, and Pepin came out from behind her skirts and went up to the girl and gave her his hand.

"Yes, my mother," said he.

"Thank you," said the young lady as she patted Pepin's cheek. "We shall expect you," and little Pepin's round eyes became rounder as she went out of the door, and it was quite impossible for him to open them any wider when the gentleman gave him another *franc*.

That night Pepin talked to his mother about the beautiful lady, and could hardly close his eyes at all for thinking of the visit of the next day; and, finally, when he did go to sleep, his little hand was clenched tightly over the *franc* piece, and he mumbled as he lay on his pillow and his mother knew even in his

dreams he was thinking of the morrow.

As Geraldine Thatcher, Pepin's visitor, walked down the long stair with George Hallet, after the door of Pepin's miserable quarters had been closed behind them, she exclaimed enthusiastically:

"Oh Pucky! I wouldn't have missed it for the world. Poor little Pepin, with his beautiful brown eyes! We shall give him such a Christmas as he has never had before."

"Which wouldn't be difficult," laughed Mr. Hallet, better known at Madame Potvin's as "Pucky," "seeing he never had a Christmas before."

That particular Christmas-day dawned almost cloudless—it is never entirely clear in Paris during the winter months—but the Rue de la Grande Chaumière was quite bright in the cold Winter-sun and the shadows cast by the tall buildings across the way were not nearly so dense as they had been all the month before, and the façade of those old brown stuccoed apartment-houses seemed not so somber that morning.

Geraldine Thatcher looked through the frosted window of her room into the quiet street and noted with a light heart the prospect.

People in honor of the occasion put on more cheerful countenances and nodded gayly as they wished each other "*Joyeux Noël!*" Madame Le Père, from her balcony, waved her hand merrily to the butcher, the milkman, and other itinerant merchants as they came with their deliveries, and Geraldine smiled as she watched her pull up her basket to the third floor where she lived, threatening, in her lively humor, to spill its contents.

The provisions were landed safely and Pepin's mother laughed heartily at the grocer's warning and wished him "*Joyeux Noël!*"

And the three legged dog that lived down at the corner of Notre Dame des Champs yelped a gleeful yelp, although for the life of him he could not have told why, and hobbled away on his three legs as cheerfully as if he had had twice the usual number allotted to dogs instead of one less than the customary four.

And the *facteur* had letters for almost everyone, and a smile for those who did not get any, that almost made up for their loss, so genial and hearty was his "*Joyeux Noël*," and the rag-picker waved his rags at the passer-by in quite a sprightly manner, as if he had found gold in them that morning.

Good humor prevailed all up and down the quiet little street, and in the boulevard hard-by it was hilarious—quite as it should have been; for the boulevard was a bigger street and felt its importance; and the *blanchisseuse de fin*, who had her shop near that great thoroughfare, worked away on her fine linens waving her hot irons at her friends as they passed, or, wiped her perspiring hands to greet them, when they entered her shop to wish her "*Joyeux Noël*!"

In Madame Potvin's big dining-room the stove cast its genial glow on that score of art-students from all parts of the world who made their home, while in Paris, at her well known boarding-house, and, they, in turn, reflected its cheer.

The only thing that did not enter into the spirit of the glad day was Cigrè, Monsieur Potvin's cur dog, and his cast of countenance was such he could not have appeared cheerful if the whole world had been metamorphosed into dog-meat for his especial benefit. He wagged his stump of a tail, however, and jumped about at everybody's or anybody's suggestion, his mournful aspect unchanged, unmoved, whether it was Christmas or the Fourth of July.

And happy cries echoed through the house all morning and those art-students, far away from home, vied with each other to decorate the house with holly, to give it a Christmas appearance, to make themselves forget they were separated from their own people.

A little Christmas-tree was placed upon the dining-table—bought and dressed especially for Pepin, who never, in his few years, had ever seen such a thing.

When everything was in readiness Pepin, who had been waiting expectantly in the outer entry way, was taken into the dining-room, and there the tree was presented to him.

He surveyed it in wonder and admira-

tion. He inquired how it got there. He was all dignified curiosity.

Geraldine tried to tell him about Santa Claus, tried to explain to him how that good saint always remembered children, endeavored to make him understand the meaning of Christmas as children in America understand it. But poor little Pepin had never heard of this way of celebrating the day and was very slow in comprehending what he was told.

He did, however, appreciate the tree. His big eyes strained themselves in their sockets, they opened so wide. Carefully he took down the presents and, as he opened them, his round mouth ejaculated a series of startled "Ohs!"

There was a telephone from Pucky with a real nickled mouth-piece and connected by real wire just like a really-truly telephone; and a drum from Renaldi, a dark eyed young gentleman from Italy; and a soldier-suit from Geraldine; and a trumpet from Frau Murphy, a German lady with an Irish name; and quantities of candy from Herr Steiner, a great big Russian who had lived long in Polish Germany, where he had acquired his title of "*herr*."

With all these things Pepin was astonished into silence, but presently he fell to on his drum and created more noise with it than even those boisterous boarders with whom Madame Potvin's house was crowded, and who could not be said to be quiet on any occasion, certainly not on this day.

Then the packages for the grown-up children were opened and Geraldine had a shawl from her mother, sent all the way from America by that kind soul, to whom Geraldine had written about the cold houses in Paris and the lack of facilities for heating them; and a box of sweet potatoes from her father, to whom she had conveyed the information in a letter that such things were unknown in France; and Madame Potvin opened her eyes in astonishment when she saw them, and smacked her lips in satisfaction when Geraldine showed her how to cook them.

Pucky's soul was delighted with a pipe and a package of good English tobacco, sent from his dearly beloved

London, and thus he was saved from smoking the vile tobacco France serves to her customers.

And there were things for Renaldi, and for Frau Murphy, and for Herr Steiner, and for Herr Doesbaugh, a diminutive Dutchman; and for Miss Knox, an English girl; and for Miss Torgersen, a Norwegian girl; and for Concord Melody, a student of music from America; and for others who lived in Madame Potvin's pension, but who were only among the chorus and were not conspicuous lights such as have been named.

While these things were being distributed Pepin was mastering the intricacies of his new telephone, and Pucky showed him how to use it; Pucky's instructions were interrupted by Renaldi, who would beat on the drum; and by Frau Murphy, who blew on the trumpet; and, together they got Pepin's poor little brain so confused he couldn't tell much about his telephone, but finally when he did understand the instrument, he wanted to talk to everybody at once, and got candy all over its wires and its nickeled parts and all over Pucky's new pipe, until Pucky couldn't tell whether he was smoking candy or tobacco.

Then, one by one, the masculine element at Madame Potvin's went out into the street, leaving Pepin seated on the dining-room floor surrounded by his toys, and stopped at the Café du Dome, at the corner, and sat around tables, and ordered *aperitifs*, after their individual tastes, the favorite being the *parakeet*—which is French slang for absinthe—and, with the aid of these French drinks, whetted their appetites—and with some of them, the whetting required many applications.

Just before the dinner-hour they returned and, among the eyes that sparkled were those of the genial Monsieur Potvin, for absinthe has a cheering effect, though temporary.

Hardly had they gone into the house when a cab drove up and Mr. Gray, an American who had resided for years in Paris, but who would not live in the Latin Quarter because he preferred the more modern right bank of the Seine.

got out with his many packages; for, while he had adopted from the French their custom of giving presents on the first day of the year, he, on this occasion, changed back to the day celebrated at home, to be in accord with the majority at Madame Potvin's.

Mr. Gray had hardly greeted his friends, which he did with the grace of a Frenchman, when Mr. Reid, another American, rang the bell.

Dinner was announced and it was a lively meal.

They put little Pepin at the head of the table, and allowed that small philosopher to eat until his limited capacity was taxed as it never had been before in his short life. Finally, when he resembled nothing so much as a stuffed frog, and he could no longer sit up, his little body was so distended, and his eyes, in consequence, so heavy, they quietly laid him down among the pillows with which the big arm-chair he occupied was filled, and he promptly went to sleep, his arms full of toys, a smile of contentment on his tired face.

What they had to eat I shall not attempt to describe. Only a French *chef* could do that, and, not being able to cook anything myself, and, besides, this not being a *menu*, but an account of what happened that Christmas day in Paris, and not about things to eat, I shall not try. All I can say is that Madame Potvin was a famous cook—worthy of the *cordons bleu*, which, I am sorry to say, she never was honored by receiving.

I do know, however, that they had soup, and turkey, and cranberry, as we have them at home; but yet, not as we have them at home, but cooked with a French flavor; and salad, such as we never dreamed of having; and wine—good red wine of Bordeaux: Monsieur Potvin's choice wine which he saved for special occasions; and, to finish the dinner, they had a good rich confection of dessert, made of cream or cheese, or something like that, that melted in one's mouth and made one wish one had a neck like a giraffe, so one could enjoy the taste all the way down.

The older people continued with

their meal and Mr. Gray interspersed the courses with some of his experiences as a student in Paris, when he lived in the Latin Quarter, not far from Madame Potvin's; when life was a struggle and before success came to him; when Christmas came and went without presents or great dinners; and Doesbaugh told of Christmas in Holland, and about skating-parties on the ponds in the royal gardens, where, in gay garb, the Dutch people mingled freely with each other and where the most humble subject was on an equal footing with the gracious little queen of the Netherlands; and Miss Torgersen related graphically thrilling incidents connected with skiing in her far away country, and told of wonderful jumps made by those hardy Norsemen on their slender wooden runners; and Renaldi gave descriptions of the impressive scenes in Saint Peter's cathedral in Rome at Christmas-time, when all Rome goes to see the wonders of its most famous church; and Frau Murphy related some experiences of the Christmas festival in the Fatherland, and gave a vivid picture of the fine old-time celebration in that land of Santa Claus; and Concord Melody took his seat at the piano and played while Miss Knox sang some of the Christmas-carols that came from old England; and everybody was delighted with her singing, and with her tales of the happy time in rural England with the big fireplace and yule log.

And all talked at once, and they ate heartily, and drank everyone's health, and Monsieur Potvin brought out the champagne (for there had been a special assessment among the men for the sparkling wine), and they filled their glasses, and Monsier Potvin put a little of the Bordeaux into the champagne, to give it body, he said, and he proposed the Republic, at which everybody shouted—"Vive la République" in deference to his politics, although not one of those careless students cared whether France was a republic or an empire.

Then the genial host proposed George Washington, and he laughed when he did, for he realized that his pronunciation

of the name was hardly correct, but they understood him, and drank the toast standing.

Herr Doesbaugh clamored for recognition, and insisted that the Americans at least should drink to Holland, for that little country had really sent the Pilgrim Fathers on their voyage to America, and, to it the credit should be given and not to England. So they drank to Holland.

And, after a while, the champagne was all gone—they did not have very much of it—and the things were cleared away.

And through it all Pepin slept. So Pucky took him up in his arms and carried him home, and following Pucky up the stairway to Pepin's flat were Geraldine, Frau Murphy, Herr Steiner, and Signor Renaldi, each laden with some toy Santa Claus had brought little Pepin.

Madame Le Père opened the door for them and, placing Pepin on his little bed, surrounded by his toys, they left him.

In the gathering twilight Geraldine went up to her room, and, going to her window, looked into the street. It had been her first Christmas away from home, and, while she had enjoyed it, she felt a little bit lonesome.

She could see Pepin, who had had his nap out, standing on his balcony. He had already attached his new telephone and was holding an animated conversation with his friend Jean Baptiste.

"Oh, Jean Baptiste," Pepin's clear voice called through the quiet street, "the good Santa Claus came to-day."

"Who is Santa Claus?" demanded Jean Baptiste scoffingly.

"He is the friend of *les étrangères* who live at Madame Potvin's. He has money. He is very rich."

"Did he give you any money?"

"He gave me this telephone."

"Bah!" said Jean Baptiste.

"He did!" insisted Pepin. "He is a great man and I tell you he is the friend of *les étrangères* at Madame Potvin's. That is why they are so rich. He takes care of them. They have nothing but money."

The Kaiser of Little Germany

BY ROBERTA McWILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD BETTS

HENRY KAPPEL had never studied Latin and would never be able to introduce a quotation from Cicero into an eight-hour speech, but what he knew of human nature could not be crowded between the covers of the largest Cicero ever printed. Kappel's stock-in-trade was not large but remarkably well chosen.

"A German-American, thank God!" he would exclaim, and he meant it. It was the strongest plank in his platform, and he never hid it under less useful lumber; neither did he give it undue prominence, but kept it free and unincumbered that all who looked might see. The first year he was in the legislature a reporter dubbed him "*Kaiser of Little Germany*," and the name aptly described his position in Prescott county.

One by one the farms there, either by lease or purchase, had fallen into the hands of the German settlers. The last of the old native farmers had moved into Washington declaring that he did not care to live in Germany, "'Merica's good 'nough fur me." The half worn-out farms that had been overrun with Russian thistles and witch-grass were now as neat and productive as German thrift could make them. The sturdy peasants were not afraid of work—it was their heritage, and their wives and daughters labored in the fields beside them. Frugal and saving, the nest-egg was growing in many a stout wooden chest, for banks they feared, promoters they avoided, and the only man who held their confidence and trust was Henry Kappel.

"So far as we know," they said with caution, "he is a *recht* honest man."

They were more interested in chinch-bugs than they were in the tariff, and so long as Henry Kappel drove around once a year to inquire after the family, the stock, and the crop, they left him free to act as he thought best. But if a German farmer could not manage his children, if two of them disputed a boundary-line, or if they wanted protection against the ele-

vator-company they went to Kappel, who rebuked the children, located the fence, and settled the elevator-charges.

People who had been in the county long enough could look back twenty years and see Kappel a farm-boy at a dollar and a half a week and his board. He grew into a shrewd, muscular German, with a brain like an electric-flash, and a capacity for work that would have cramped two ordinary men. He made his first money buying butter and eggs from the farmers and sending them to St. Paul. He was clever enough to know good butter and never to send a stale egg; and he soon built up a thriving commission-business with no capital but what he had been born with.

He knew the value of his political birthright and was content to begin at the foot of the ladder. He served on the town council, the school board, and had been four terms in the legislature. And now that he had learned that he had been given two eyes and one mouth that he should see twice as much as he told, at thirty-eight, he was a candidate for the nomination for congress with the vote of Little Germany in his pocket, and Little Germany was the key to the Seventh Congressional District.

As women have not the right of suffrage, he never looked at them twice until he met Miss Walton at the annual reception which the governor gave at the opening of the session. He had gone to oblige a colleague, who was too timid to go alone and yet wanted to carry home the story of the festivity to his constituents. The attractions of the supper-room held his friend longer than Kappel cared to stay, and leaving him with a group of convivial representatives he went back to the parlors. Finding a deserted corner he stepped aside to watch the throng that pressed around him.

He was not used to receptions, and he was bored until he caught the glint of a pair of gray eyes and heard the laughter

of a woman's voice. He watched the owner of them with growing interest, and he was not surprised when one of his fellow senators, who had joined her, stopped as they would have passed his corner and introduced him. Fate had done her best for Henry Kappel ever since he had dared to meet her with a basket of eggs in one hand and a jar of butter in the other.

He was not surprised, but he was momentarily embarrassed and she was woman enough to see it.

"I have just returned from Europe, Mr. Kappel," she said, "but you are the first *kaiser* I have met."

"I believe there are not many of us," he stammered, wondering what had stiffened his usually ready tongue.

She sent the fellow senator to find her father and remained with Kappel. He amused her. After he found his voice, with a whimsical shrewdness that roused her interest, he gave his impressions of scenes familiar to her, and after the first few moments it was he who talked and she who listened.

Mr. Walton gave him a cordial hand when he joined them. He knew the way the wind blew before he read the weather-reports and he recognized the power that lay in Kappel.

"Enjoyed yourself?" he asked in his soft, cultured drawl. "So you have been looking after my little girl. Come and see us some evening."

"Yes, do," echoed his daughter, as she held out her hand. "We are always at home on Sundays."

Kappel counted the days which lay between Tuesday and Sunday as they walked away. Miss Walton's head, its soft crown of dusk black on a level with her father's gray hair, and he drew a deep breath of dissatisfaction as he obtained the answer. But the next morning, as he rose to leave the senate during a particularly dry session on the insurance-laws, he caught sight of Miss Walton in the gallery. She was alone, and after a moment's hesitation he joined her. Her greeting melted any doubt he might have had as to his welcome, and he leaned over the railing beside her and pointed out the men who had found their way

into the newspaper-cartoon, the Twentieth century gallery of fame.

Miss Walton was deeply interested in politics. After a graduate course at college she had gone to Europe to return more enthusiastic over everything that contributed to the making of the United States than she had ever been.

"Absence deepens one's appreciation as well as affection," she said when her father laughed at her patriotism, "and nothing has made me love America so much as a stay in Europe."

Kappel felt that her interest lay deeper than the surface, and he reviewed the important bills which had been considered and declared his position in regard to them with the utmost frankness. The fact that he used the truth where other men employed subterfuge was what made him an enigma to politicians.

"I never knew a man so hard to lie to as the *Kaiser*," declared more than one man who would have concealed his real motives.

"It is so kind of you, Mr. Kappel." Miss Walton frankly looked her appreciation. "Father will never take time to explain what I want to know. He declares that it is a woman's duty to look after the politician while he takes care of the politics."

He laughed. "She couldn't do her part properly unless she understood something of his work. I believe that a woman has just as much right to know what we are doing as a man. We are making laws which concern her as much as they do us, and although I do not go so far as to favor equal suffrage I cannot say I would oppose it. It has been rather a dull session on the whole. From my point of view the warehouse and elevator-bill is the only measure of vital importance. I interviewed every farmer in my district during the recess and have visited enough other parts of the state to know the country feeling. Your father is backing it and it is generally known as the fight between the city and the country, but it is only another attempt on the part of the grainmen to squeeze the farmers. There's your father now."

"He is looking for me. I was to meet him at twelve. Thank you so much, and



It was he who talked and she who listened

the fight between the city and the country wont keep you away Sunday?"

"Not unless it disables me," he replied, for he saw no reason why he should refuse social courtesies from a man just because he disagreed with him.

If it had not been for the chairman of his committee, Kappel would have presented himself at the Walton residence before the family came home from church, but Hanscome hunted him up and insisted upon discussing committee-matters until an hour when Kappel could decently set forth. He had worn his frock-coat and silk hat often enough not to feel conspicuous in them, although he was a man who would always be noticed more for his personal magnetism than his appearance.

There were several guests in the drawing-room when he entered, and the fire flamed on an attractive picture as Miss Walton came forward with a cordial greeting. Her father rose from his corner to introduce him to the men around him, and there was a flattering emphasis on the words, "My friend, Mr. Kappel." Kappel knew them as leaders in the grain and flour interests and for a moment he regarded them suspiciously; but after a desultory chat about the weather, the morning-service, and the lateness of the Spring, Mr. Walton carried his friends to his den leaving his daughter to entertain Kappel.

It was an hour to invite confidence. Without, the sky was dull, almost leaden, and the shrill whistle of the wind made the glow of the fire restful to mind and nerves. The atmosphere of homeliness had its effect on Kappel, weary of the dull routine and cheerless loneliness of hotel-life, and he found himself talking of what he was, what he had been, and what he hoped to be.

She was subtly flattered to receive his confidences and leaned forward in the old Chippendale chair in a manner which in turn flattered Kappel.

"Father said at dinner that you were a man to do things," she said with frank admiration. "He said you had wit enough to know what you wanted, nerve enough to ask for it, perseverance to keep after it, and ability to hold it after you got it.

That is a long string of adjectives to pin to one man."

He did not rise to leave until the hall-door closed on the other men, and then he was easily urged by Mr. Walton to remain for supper. It was a gay little meal. Kappel helped Miss Walton toast bread before the fire while her father creamed oysters in the chafing-dish. Politics were forgotten, and it was the man not the politician Walton tried to study. It was late when Kappel said good-by. Miss Walton hospitably followed him into the hall, while her father remained in the dining-room.

Kappel had never lacked for friends, but the Waltons introduced him to a circle he had never entered and knew only through the social columns of the newspapers. The Waltons belonged to an aristocratic old family; one of the few which did not open its doors to any who had the strength to knock. And it was Mr. Walton, more than his daughter, who singled the *kaiser* out and carried him home for a family dinner.

It was all so simple, so natural, and in accordance with Kappel's wishes that he never saw where he was drifting until one of his colleagues twitched his sleeve as he passed into the senate after Walton.

"Changed your mind about the warehouse-bill, eh, *kaiser*?"

Kappel had not taken an active part against it, preferring to save his ammunition, but his position was so well known, it was not strange that the air was filled with ugly stories when Walton and Kappel were seen so much together.

It was ten days before the close of the session when a rumor flew through the capital that the all-important measure was to be brought before the senate the following day. No one seemed to be responsible for the supposition, but the confident manner of Walton and his associates gave credence to it and to the accompanying whisper that enough opposition had been overcome to secure the passage of the bill. But the impressive confidence was not worn inside the council-room.

"We've got to bring it to a crisis tomorrow. It's a question in my mind now if we haven't risked more by waiting than

we should if we had forced it through a month ago," declared Macomber as he walked restlessly up and down, biting a very black cigar.

"We can't carry the senate as it stands. If we could only find Kappel's price the thing would be done, for he controls it."

"You might as well ask the Angel Gabriel to come down and vote," jeered Smith.

"I don't know about that," drawled Walton, from the depths of the easy-chair he had drawn before the fire.

They crowded around him at once and clamored for his reasons.

"What do you mean, Jim," demanded Macomber. "Gracious, I did think there was one honest man in the legislature!"

They were too much interested to resent the insinuation and waited for Walton to speak.

"You may not have noticed," he said meditatively, "that I have devoted considerable time to the *kaiser* this session and I've learned that he is losing the politician in the lover. I think his opinion on a great many subjects has changed."

Macomber slapped him on the shoulder.

"Jim, if you can land Henry Kappel you deserve to be president, and, by George, we'll do the handsome thing by you!"

Walton smiled lazily and held his hands before the blaze. "That is all I ask," he drawled, "the presidency. I've been playing my fish all winter and I have him hooked. Do you want him landed?"

Kappel had promised to accompany Miss Walton to a reception that evening, but when he arrived at the house he found she had changed her mind. She had a headache—nothing serious, but it made her lazy. She trusted that Mr. Kappel would forgive her for not sending him word, but she had been selfish enough to look forward to a cosy chat by the fire.

Kappel listened to her apologies with a smile and settled himself in the big chair with a sigh of content that told how much he appreciated the change of plan.

"I have scarcely seen father for a

week," went on Miss Walton. "Tell me, is there any prospect that the warehouse-bill will be brought up soon?"

"Rumor says to-morrow."

He spoke half-absently, watching the firelight as it played about her face.

"And your position?" she asked, leaning forward.

"Is what it has always been," firmly.

"I am so glad. You explained the situation so clearly that I did not think you could change. I didn't like to think you could forget your people; they trust you so—their *kaiser*."

And she smiled a slow sweet smile that sent the blood tingling through his veins. He drew nearer.

"Yes, they trust me and I trust them. I have no family ties and I have led a lonely life. There has been nothing of my own until, as the reporters say, I came into my kingdom and found a friend in everybody in Prescott county. It has been a hard struggle, but I have climbed up and now"—he laughed nervously and touched the hand that lay near him. It trembled and then was quiet in his grasp—"I never realized what it meant to be alone until I met you," he went on with simple earnestness. "I do not think I could bear it to go back to the old way. You have shown me what I need to make my life complete, the love of a noble, gracious woman."

With an instinct of old-world training he raised her fingers to his lips.

She said nothing, he had asked nothing, and before he could break the exquisite silence which enfolded them, Walton's voice was heard in the hall and she drew her hand away.

"All alone," asked Walton from the door. "Oh, Kappel, is that you! Come to the den, will you, I want a little help."

A word of refusal was on Kappel's lips but Miss Walton motioned him to go. She wanted to be alone, to dream of her happiness before she accepted it.

"Your daughter will excuse me?"

Kappel spoke regretfully, and as he looked at her she seemed transported to another world in which they two were alone. For a moment she let the truth shine from under her lashes, and then she veiled her eyes.

"Yes, go with daddy, and when you have finished with him come back to me," she said.

It was the lover, not the politician, who followed Walton to his den and pushed away the proffered cigar. Kappel thought of nothing, saw nothing, but the shy glance of surrender in a girl's eyes, and he did not hear the elaborate preamble with which Walton began. He presented such an absent-minded, disinterested air that Walton went bluntly to the point. The mention of the warehouse-bill brought Kappel to earth with a thud and he looked up sanely.

"I wont mince matters with you," continued Walton. "I want to know where you stand."

"I stated that when the bill was read. I haven't a constituent that favors it."

"Oh, blow your constituents!" irritably. "How do you stand?"

"With them." Kappel spoke crisply. "I represent them."

"I had forgotten that. But most politicians represent themselves. It's a better plan."

"For whom?"

Walton abandoned the useless fencing and went straight to the point.

"I need your help to-morrow, Henry," he said, putting his hand on the *kaiser's* shoulder with a fatherly touch that sent a thrill of foreboding through Kappel. "That bill has got to pass the senate. It can take care of itself in the house and the governor is ready to sign it. It is really for the good of the farmers—Jones, Ma-

son, Newhall, half a dozen men will tell you so. We need a little help and I come to you because, well, hang it, I want the credit all in the family."

Kappel shook aside the fatherly hand and walked up and down the room before he stopped in front of Walton. Looking squarely in his eyes, he asked:

"What do you mean?"

Walton pushed aside his chair and rose.

"I want your vote for the elevator-bill. You can carry all the Germans with you and we need them."

"And if I do this?"

Walton sent a searching glance from under his heavy eyebrows.

"I'll thank you as a man and—a father," he added significantly.

Kappel tossed his head impatiently.

"We'll leave that out of the question," he said. "I'm sorry, Mr. Walton, sorrier than I ever have been to refuse such a request, but I can't do it."

Walton had been so sure of success that he could not believe he had failed.

"You don't mean that!" he said. "You want to go to congress, I understand," he added.

"I am going to congress. That is the gift of the people, not of the wheat-ring or the millers," confidently.

"Don't be so sure," he sneered. "You know what your people believe of the wheat-ring. You can't touch pitch and not be defiled, and what do they think of your intimate association with the wheat-men and millers all winter."

"They trust me."



Henry Kappel

"They do? Have you read your country papers?"

He opened a drawer and pulled out some clippings. Kappel pushed them aside.

"I heard the *Gazette* had been sold and that your ring had bought it. But you can't buy the confidence of my people."

"You'll find most things can be bought, and if you don't want to pay the price you must not expect to receive the goods. It's common talk at the capital that you have had compensation—big compensation. Nobody thinks we have trailed after you for your society."

Kappel started as if he had been struck in the face.

"You don't mean that!" he said. "You don't mean that you have deliberately tried to influence me through—"

He couldn't say it but stood staring at Walton with growing horror and rage.

Walton did not answer, only looked at him in a calm manner which exasperated and tore Kappel's nerves to ribbons. His face flushed and his lips parted before he pulled himself together.

"It is useless to talk further," he said, making an effort to control his tongue. "I will say good-night."

"One minute." Walton stopped him when he reached the door. "I have had a telegram from Senator Owen. His doctor declares that he is on the verge of a physical collapse and he has sent his resignation to the governor. It was rumored at the capital this evening and the men were discussing who would be elected to fill out his term. Two names were mentioned, yours and mine. If I refuse to permit mine to be presented—"

He paused, but the silence was more suggestive than words.

Kappel looked at him with eyes dimmed by the fury that possessed him.

"You have made another mistake, Mr. Walton," he said, and the scorn cut like a knife.

"As you will," Walton shrugged his shoulders. "I fancy I shall try for the election, and if your name is brought up I shall fight to the finish. As we are going to be enemies we cannot be friends, and I must decline any further intercourse

with you for myself and my daughter."

"Very well!"

Outwardly calm Kappel stumbled into the hall and caught up his coat.

Miss Walton had waited for him in a rosy hue of expectation. She had been interested in him before she met him, and later his strong personality had won her heart before she knew it. She heard him in the hall and went hurriedly out, a look of concern wiping the joy from her face.

"Were you going without saying good-night to me?" she asked, pain and surprise in her voice.

He caught her and drew her beneath the light and studied her face.

"Did you know of this?" he demanded hoarsely. "If I thought you did—"

Her eyes never wavered and his voice softened.

"I trust you, remember that; I trust you with my honor and my life."

For a moment longer he looked deep into her eyes and then he kissed her and put her gently away and went out into the night.

The morning-papers announced the resignation of Senator Owen and stated that the governor would instruct the legislature to select a man to fill the unexpired term at once. In the next column was an item in regard to the famous warehouse and elevator-bill, which was to be brought before the senate at the morning-session by James Walton and championed by the "*Kaiser of Little Germany*," who had been bitterly opposed to its passage at the first reading but had since been convinced of the benefit it would be to the farmers.

It was no wonder that the senate-chamber was crowded, that the gallery was thronged with men and women eager to point out the man who was to betray his constituents.

But Kappel came in late, and as he strode down the aisle, his head "at the royal angle," to quote a reporter, there was a chorus of whispers "That's the *kaiser*!" "There he is!"

Before he took his seat Kappel looked at the gallery, and as he saw Miss Walton he bowed gravely. When he caught

the glance she sent in acknowledgment of his greeting a load seemed to drop from his shoulders and his confidence in himself returned under the influence of her sympathy and truth. Whatever her father might be—Kappel did not like to think of him—she was true as steel. His eyes flashed fire as he settled back in his chair and waited. He had been up all night, marshaling his men, and by sheer force had undone much of the mischief his inactivity and thoughtlessness had caused.

When the preliminary business had been transacted, everybody waited tensely, and then Macomber rose to present a bill and everybody fell back in disappointment. It was an uninteresting measure, something which concerned the millers and their freight-charges, and everybody listened indifferently until a phrase caught Kappel's listening ear. He sat up, his lips drawn to a red line, his eyes gathering fire as Macomber concluded.

There was a fight for the floor and the speaker plainly favored the friends of the bill. Kappel could only obtain a hearing through strategy but at the first sound of his voice a silence fell over the assembly.

He showed that the bill which had just been presented differed from the expected warehouse and elevator-measure only in phraseology, and boldly stated that the one was concealed in the other. After the first gasp of amazement had passed the people hung on his words. It was not so much what he said that impressed them but rather his intense earnestness. He told simply and without any attempt at dramatic effect of his personal investigations, recalled several pathetic incidents, tersely explained why he was opposed to the measure, what it meant to the farmers of the state, and then left the senate to act.

Mary Walton's heart thrilled with pride. Careless of comment she leaned forward and never took her eyes from his face. Neither did her father.

There had been a stormy interview between them after Kappel's departure the night before, but he had not told her the truth. He had not dared, for although a man may be careless of his public stand-

ing he likes to have a high place in the respect of the women he loves, and James Walton's heart was bounded on one side by his daughter. When Kappel drew his speech to a close Macomber bent forward and touched Walton's shoulder.

"The bill's as good as lost, Jim."

"I've lost more than the bill," replied Walton grimly as he intercepted the look which passed from his daughter to her lover.

Kappel had killed the bill, and only a hard fight could keep him from winning the senatorial election.

With one exception the papers were for the "*Kaiser of Little Germany*," the man who dared to tell the truth. The exception mentioned the Honorable James Walton, who represented the best element in politics. The committee to a man favored Walton. Kappel was too erratic and could not be depended upon to do as he was told, and his bubble was carefully pricked.

Just how it came to pass only the committee and the editors knew, but by evening the papers clamored for the election of Walton as they had demanded the choice of Kappel in the morning. Every room at the capital held knots of arguing men and the hotels were hotbeds in which rumors grew, blossomed, and died.

"If you had the millers and the railroads and a few other corporations behind you you might expect to win," said Hanscome bitterly, as he and Kappel canvassed the prospects the night before the election, "but as you are only backed by the people you don't stand much chance. You might as well give in and save what you can."

"Give in!" roared Kappel. "I'm in this fight to stay. Wait a minute."

He signed for a telegram and tore the envelope open. His face changed as he read it. "The dam's broken and the valley's flooded! A hundred lives lost! See if I can make the next train, Hanscome."

He began to thrust some clothes into his bag and caught up his hat and coat. Hanscome seized his arm.

"Do you forget the election?"

"Hang the election! My people need me."



The *Kaiser* was found to be badly hurt

And he dashed out of the room leaving Hanscome staring at the door.

The papers had a harrowing story by morning of the rise of the Sycamore river and the flood at Washington, the loss of life and property, and the dramatic arrival of the "*Kaiser of Little Germany*," who put new heart in the people and led a rescuing party until knocked down by floating timbers. He was found to be badly hurt and had been removed to a temporary hospital. When Mr. Walton read the graphic story a peculiar expression crossed his face and he retired to his den.

He smiled in a non-committal manner when his friends gathered around him at the capital, and said little. When the speaker called for nominations every eye turned to Macomber who, it had been announced, would nominate his friend to fill the unexpired term of Senator Owen, resigned.

It was a surprise and shock to hear, instead of Macomber's harsh voice, the soft drawl of James Walton, who had risen, and without any elaborate preamble presented the name of Henry Kappel, who had so gallantly put aside all thought of self and gone to the help of his constituents. The action was in line with Mr. Kappel's past record; he was in politics to represent the people, not himself, and Mr. Walton believed that the best interests of the state could be best served by the election of the "*Kaiser of Little Germany*." He had heard that his friends had planned to present his name, and he thanked them, but he had not been well, and like Senator Owen, his physician had advised a rest.

A storm of cheers and hurrahs drowned what more he might have said, and the name of Walton was cheered as loudly as that of Kappel. James Walton had, by a bold stroke, secured his former position in the respect and affection of the

state. He had been shrewd enough to see that the tide was against him and to save what he could.

"You might have warned us, Jim," grumbled Macomber after the election of Kappel had been made unanimous.

"I didn't want to give you a chance to ring in another candidate. I wanted to keep the office in the family," smiled Walton, mysteriously.

Down in Washington, Kappel, his arm in a sling and a formidable bandage tied around his head, was endeavoring to provide shelter and food for those the flood had made homeless. He was deadly tired, every nerve ached, and his head throbbed like an engine, but he kept doggedly at work until a shadow crossed the doorway and some instinct made him raise his eyes. He gave an exclamation, and throwing down his pen sprang forward, for Mary Walton, blushing and confused, stood in the doorway, and behind her was her aunt, looking curiously at the unkempt group which pressed about her.

"I—I—I had to come," stammered Miss Walton. "The papers said you were hurt and I made Aunt Ellen bring me."

"Hurt!" cried Kappel, and he put his one good arm around her and drew her to him until she hid her face on his shoulder. "Why, nothing can hurt me now—nothing."

"Air you goin' to marry *mit der Kaiser!*" A grizzled farmer touched her sleeve as she stood hand in hand with her lover.

"If he will let me," she said tremulously, the color coming and going in her face as she felt his fingers tighten their clasp on hers as if they would never let them go.

The farmer nodded his head thoughtfully.

"So far as we know," he said cautiously, "*der Kaiser* is a *recht* honest man."



Across the snow-capped peaks to Watling Junction

Wireless

BY EDWIN WILDMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY ADOLPH TREIDLER

BYRON TAGGERT sat alone in front of the rough oak table in the wireless-station at Cailing. A sense of intensified desolateness and the crushing emptiness of life possessed him. The grim consciousness that the pain he suffered was self-inflicted did not lessen its poignancy. The knowledge that he could reach out his hand and touch the wonderful little instrument in front of him and send a message over the mountains to Her only deepened the sullen resentment of his soul. He knew he would see his hand palsied, withered up before his very eyes, rather than voluntarily permit it to do such an act.

It was three hundred miles across the snow-capped peaks to Watling Junction and but four jumps from Watling to the city. Ah, that terrible city! He could see the lights now glimmering down its blazon, white way. They danced mockingly before his half-closed eyes. He could see the peopled streets, the mass of restless humans pursuing a thousand follies to divert their nerve-wrung souls and bodies. He could see the crush of car-

riages and motors in front of the opera-house. He could hear the howling cabbies and the discordant clash of violent passions as each fought for rights recklessly proclaimed. But the passing show, the motley throng, the restless people, raced by his mental vision with kaleidoscopic swiftness. One single picture alone focused his thoughts and imprinted itself upon his soul.

Inside the vast building, in one of the boxes, at the very center of an arc of brilliancy, was Aimée, a soft clinging robe slipping from shoulders matchless as the necklace of pearls encircling her throat. Leisurely young dandies and restless millionaires stopped at her box to pay her homage. Invariably, as they presented themselves, Carmody Stone, immaculately attired, arose and received their felicitations. In the corner of his mouth lurked a smile of triumph and cynical condescension. He cared no more for the sycophants who showered upon him their congratulations than he did for the human slaves working in the deep shafts of his gold mines, yet he enjoyed the recog-

nition of Power implied in their feverish haste to greet him and his *fiancée*.

What a contrast to the old Southerner, General Blandford, was the brusque manner of Stone! Aimée's father, white-haired, aristocratic to the finger-tips, pale as parchment, straight as an ancient pine, was the only other occupant of the box. Beneath the folds of her opera-cloak Aimée's small soft hand clung to his. The old man held it close while the people came and went. He could feel the pulsations of her heart-throbs. Now and then he pressed the slim fingers clinging to his for strength and protection. It was a critical moment in the life of both—the night of public acknowledgment of the engagement that had been the bet at the clubs and the gossip of society for a year. Carmody Stone, the multi-millionaire promoter and mine-owner, who had come from the camps of Colorado bringing the mystery of untold wealth, had won the daughter of the imperious old Southerner whose wealth once had given him as great prestige in the financial mart as his name and bearing did still in the social world.

The papers had been full of the event. Even the first appearance of the great *coloraturo*, Radia, was second in importance. The scene enacted behind the footlights paled in comparison to the announcement.

Dowling, Byron Taggart's friend, in charge of the wireless-station in the city, had laconically flashed the news of Aimée's engagement over the mountains. At midnight it reached the lone operator at Cailing. His imagination had filled in the canvas.

It had come at last, the inevitable. Aimée was lost to him forever. Hoping against hope had been fruitless. His whole nature registered a protest. Involuntarily his hand struck the table. The instrument rattled mockingly. The fierce light that shines from the eyes of a caged animal gleamed from under his thick lashes. Taggart was not a philosopher.

It was just a year since Aimée and he had quarreled—a year of terrible loneliness upon a bleak, unpeopled, mountain-top—a year of his own choosing—and yet—

Taggart's head swung round and his eyes stared straight into the leaping blaze on the hearth.

"Duty! Duty is the Devil in disguise. James Blandford's millions are sunk deep in the black shafts of a Nevada mine. Duty steps into the breach with a soul on the salver to pay the price of a wasted fortune and to rehabilitate a proud old name. Proud! What is this thing a man calls 'pride of name' that he will barter his own flesh and blood to buy a veneer of respectability and to restore it to its ancient prestige? The code of pride is the Devil's handbook. How he must blink his red eyes and twitch his cruel mouth. What a harvest for his fork: a white young soul, an old man's honor, a young man's curses!"

Taggart's breath came hot and fast. His clenched teeth gleamed. His tightly clasped fingers held every muscle taut in his brawny arms. He arose and turned his eyes fiercely upon the child of his brain—his invention—a "trans-moter" that gathered the electric-current and sent it to its destination with dynamic force along a line of invisible radiation as accurately as a ship sails by chart and compass to port, losing nothing of its value and giving off only broken air-waves of neither value nor coherency.

The operator at Cailing was self-elected to his remote and desolate post—the highest station in the world and the farthest from civilization. He had taken the station ostensibly because it enabled him to test his new ideas in wireless-transmitting, but really—well, when all that is dear to a man and all that seems to make life real and all that the heart and soul and body dream of, elude his grasp and are dashed from him at the moment of realization, he may go to a cave, a mountain, or jump headlong into the open arms of Death. Taggart chose the mountain because he was neither a coward nor a criminal, but a big, healthy human being, throbbing with life, resourceful, brilliant, but soul-sick and heart-hungry. He hoped for moments of forgetfulness at Cailing, a thousand and one miles from Nowhere. He hoped that communion with specific tenets of the natural laws would restore him to the

normal and give him courage to fight on. But a year of mighty battles had not cured the canker that gnawed at his soul nor erased the vision burned deep into his consciousness.

The penniless inventor was beaten in the kind of game that Carmody Stone played. The millionaire gambled with gold and all its relentless forces. The inventor was powerless to give value to reams of worthless stock or redeem the prestige of an impoverished house.

Taggart stretched his muscular form to its full height. His brain was seething with conflicting emotions: Fierce protest against the turn of Fortune's wheel; deep hatred for the man who stood in the path of his heart's desire; contempt for the foul means employed to force the helpless old father to forget his honor in pride of name; self-reproach for his own helpless position.

"Tim," the big collie, the sympathetic witness of the mental tortures that made this the bitterest night of Taggart's life, raised his eyes appealingly. Taggart brushed the dog aside and dropped heavily into his seat by the table.

"Poor, poor, Aimée," he murmured.

The winds blown across a thousand frozen peaks, screeched weirdly through the cables staying the great steel shaft that rose two hundred feet above the cabin.

"Courage!" a small voice whispered.

"Courage!" As well say "courage" to a man writhing under the lash as to bid him restrain his passions when his brain was on fire and impotency mocked him. Taggart arose and crossed the room to the window. The pane was almost completely frost covered, and icicles hung from the eaves outside like long, sharp teeth.

Tim shook himself and wagged his tail; then stretched out before the blazing logs and blinked his eyes. Taggart laid the palm of his hand flat upon the surface of the glass.

"As cold as her heart will be in the years to come, Tim," he muttered. "A frozen, shrunken, de-sensitized thing—a bought and paid for article—that's all."

Swinging open the door he looked out across the mountains. The white capped

Sierras lay off to the west, impenetrable, immutable, unpeopled, save here and there where deep lines as black as ink suggested valleys where at night mountain-folk huddled together behind barred doors, by day, working small patches of black soil, or digging and panning in the gravel of dead streams. To the east were more mountain-peaks; beyond, the vast American desert, then more mountains, then—the city—and Aimée.

"Two thousand miles! Yet a stroke of the trans-moter and she would have my congratulations on her dresser before she closed her eyes," he thought. "But would she close her eyes that night? Would she think of him? Would she recall that last good-by—that last message from his aching heart. Aimée! Aimée!" he whispered, but the words were blown out across the hundred hills and lost. "Courage? Yes, God give me courage!" he added fiercely.

The cold air felt good to his hot face. He sucked in deep breaths and threw back his broad shoulders. The blaze leaped up with the in-gust of the outer air. The waves of heat that warmed his back irritated him. He stepped outside the door and struck down a row of glistering icicles hanging from the eaves.

"Money! Money! Money! The beginning and end of effort. Money! always money. Men rob each other—women sell themselves—all the world fights the battle of life for gold!"

A low growl interrupted the soliloquy.

"Shut up, Tim, my nerves are crossed to-night."

The dog whined plaintively. Taggart flung him a curse and was answered by a low bark.

"Tim, old comrade, what's the matter?"

Turning on his heel, Taggart reëntered the cabin. The receiver was clamoring furiously. Harding, three hundred miles east was signaling. He hurried to the instrument and flashed the code-signal from the transmitter. The answer came quickly:

Attune to C—minus code-figure plus secret number Bank of Commerce Chicago, translate then repeat in code. Rush.

Taggart grasped the scale-rod, closed

the general receiver, drew out the code-key, unlocked a small pyramidal box, set the tuning-fork, and replied:

Ready.

Then, turning to the dog: "Sh—Tim, down!"

The collie crouched at his feet.

Again, a message:

Repeat before forwarding, came the answer.

Taggart's finger clicked the key:

All right.

Tim stood up, shook himself, and poked his nose against his master's elbow.

"What's the matter, old fellow?"

The dog whined.

"Great guns, you big booby, don't you see I'm nearly all in now and need every wit I possess. Something terribly important's coming, Tim. I feel it. Lay down—down!"

The dog crouched. The accumulator was jumping now.

Taggart scratched the message on his pad. As it proceeded his hand trembled until the lines became almost illegible. The wind whistled and seemed to increase in fury as if the fiends of the Brocken were at work outside. Tim whined ominously. Taggart grasped the code-book. His pen ran rapidly. Each cipher was translated, figured out, and reduced to meaning.

The accumulator fell away. The receiver stopped. His pen slipped from his hand. The room grew suddenly hot. The close air stifled him. Springing from his seat he flung open the oak door, and as he plunged forward into the very teeth of the storm a laugh burst from his lips.

"Mephistopheles has given us choice bait to-night, my boy! He answers invocations with a promptness that is wonderfully inspiring. I wanted gold, Tim, and he laughs at my modesty. He has given me opportunity. It beats gold every time, Tim!"

Taggart reeled in the wind like a man drunk. At his heels crouched the dog.

"James Blandford's dead-hole has come to life—her father—that mean anything to you, old friend? No? Well, you shall understand. First, my boy, we need a little 'Dutch.'"

In a corner to the left of the stone fireplace was a roughly made cabinet. Reentering the cabin, Taggart drew a key from his pocket and fitted it to the lock. The door opened as the spring snapped. Taking an uncorked bottle from the shelf he closed the door, locked it, and replaced the key.

"I think you'll do, old friend," he said, holding up the bottle. "It's a long time since we've met, eh? Not since that black night Aimée sent us away. You gave me courage to forget to die then; you'll give me courage to forget to live now. Shut up, Tim," for the dog was whining again, "you don't seem to approve of any of these proceedings to-night, Tim. We're not going to die just yet."

Taggart drew the cork and filled a glass to the brim.

"It isn't exactly the right sort of courage, Tim, but when a fellow's got to do something that hurts him if he don't and hurts him if he does, 'Dutch' courage is the best kind of stuff to put into his veins. You see, old fellow, you don't quite understand."

Taggart drained the glass.

"So, old fellow, come over here and stop whining and I'll explain.

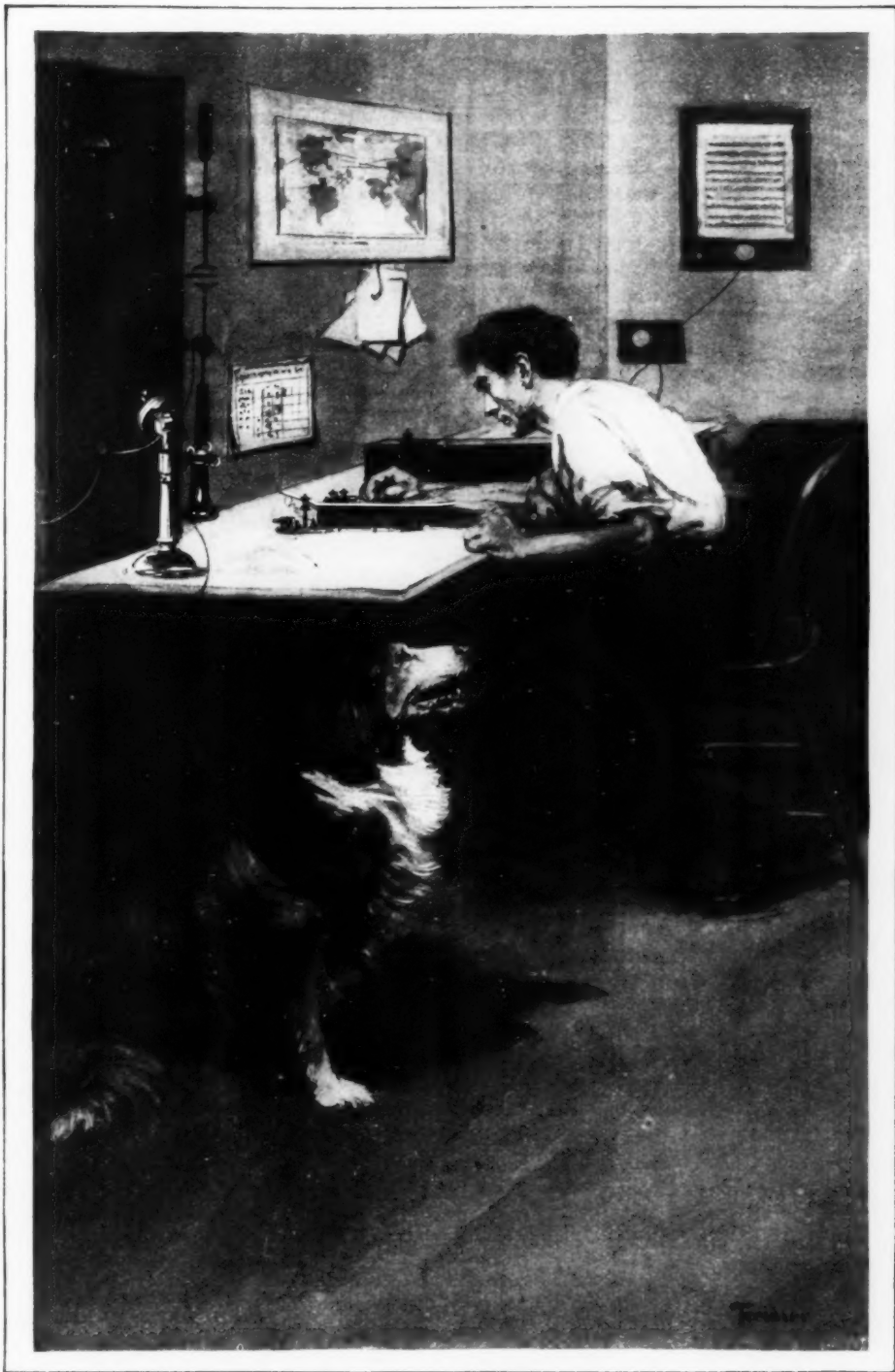
"This man Carmody Stone sold that stock of the Lone Tree Mine to Aimée's father. He knew it wasn't worth a dollar, and he didn't care. He got his rake off, anyway. He unloaded it for Stone, Lebondy & Co. He didn't care whether he ruined Aimée's father or not; and when he had ruined him he saw his chance. He's a slick, handsome devil, Tim; tall and dark and wears fine clothes and has just enough polish to turn a pretty girl's head and blind an old man's eyes. Well, when he'd ruined the father he magnanimously—magnanimously, Tim—offered to marry the daughter, and that was when we took to the mountains, Tim, do you remember?"

The dog pushed his nose against Taggart's hand.

"You old rascal—you old rascal, how did you know I was going to take a little more 'Dutch?'"

Taggart filled the glass and drained it again.

"You see, I said you didn't understand.



The accumulator was jumping now

"Carmody Stone told Aimée's father he would put him on his feet again—whether the girl accepted him or not—true Southern chivalry, eh, Tim? It caught. The old man believed him and Aimée thought him a fine gentleman to be so generous. I had no right to speak ill of her father's friend. I had no right to tell her the truth. I had no right to call him a coward—and a cur—and to knock him down to prove it. So we were given our *congé*, Tim, you and I, and I took the bottle, my boy, and I took you back to the first place in my thoughts and got the company to send me out here—'way up here to the top of this old mountain where I could forget; where I could work out my trans-moter to greater perfection, Tim, and leave a name equal to that of Edison and Marconi—a name that would ring in Aimée's ears as long as she lived. Foolish dream, eh, Tim."

Taggart rose from the table and closed the door.

"Another 'Dutch' or two and then—"

The receiver clicked imperatively.

"Harding calling, Tim. Listen! We'll read it together.

'H-a-s t-h-e S-t-o-n-e, L-a-b-o-n-d-y
m-e-s-s-a-g-e b-e-c-n r-e-c-e-i-v-e-d
r-e-p-e-a-t-i-f s-o'-H-a-r-d-i-n-g."

Taggart filled the glass again.

"Don't give a fellow much chance, do they, Tim? Well, we better answer, 'fore we get too much 'Dutch.' Here's the message that came from the city. Now, attention, old fellow, it's 'portant you know all."

Taggart's hand worked rapidly as he talked:

SEATTLE, JAN. 10.

TO BANK OF COMMERCE, CHICAGO.

The vibrations sounded loud in the still room.

"Can you hear, Tim?"

Enormous vein gold uncovered Lone Tree Mine Nevada. Notify Carmody Stone buy up all stock any price. Draw on us for any amount in Stone's favor. Act immediately.

WESTERLY & PRICE, AGTS.,
Stone, Lebondy & Co., Chicago.

Tim wagged his tail approvingly.

"That's it, Tim. But you're wrong, old fellow, you're wrong. The 'Dutch' is working. Now, listen a minute—lie

down. Don't look so disgusted. That message didn't go east. It was only a 'repeat' to Seattle. It will never go east, my boy. Franklyn, at Tarrant Peak station, can go to sleep now, with the cliker-bell at his ear, and dream sweet things. His part is done. But, Tim, Fate has knocked at my door. The Devil is calling: he needs me down there to install my trans-moter. Wants to give 'em some new novelties in shocks, my boy. 'Gad, dog, do you think I'm going to sit calmly by and let Carmody Stone buy up James Blandford's stock that's worth a million and get Aimée in the bargain. The Devil's got Stone, you see, now he wants me. He's given me my opportunity—Stop whining, you brute, you had sense and loyalty once. I'm not selling out to His Majesty for Byron Taggart's sake, old fellow, but to save the girl we both love, and then—well, never mind, I invented the trans-moter, Tim. It's the greatest invention in 'wireless' since Marconi discovered the utility of the Hertzian waves. Some day, when it is fully understood, they'll be sending messages to Mars—yes, they will, old fellow. I know it; and if there's any one up there who's got anything but legs, who's got any sense in his head, and knows enough to receive, we'll be selling them mining-stock—"The Lone Tree," Tim, at a thousand dollars a share."

Taggart burst into an uproar.

"Aimée'll be rich then, wont she, Tim, and she'll give me a fine tombstone of solid alabaster, and you'll be carved at the base! Do you begin to grasp, old fellow? I'll be at the bottom of the gulch, my boy, and you'll have to live on roots and wild cats until they find you. It's my honor I'm selling—don't you see—to give the old man back his millions. I'm just as weak as he—I'm doing it for selfish reasons—for Aimée—only I'll never live to look into her dear eyes again! I'm a Judas, Tim, but the trans-moter is mine—I invented it—I made it—I made it—it's part of me—it's my soul—and I'm debauching it to selfish purposes—selling it out—putting it to a base use—for myself—for my love of her—to make her free. I can send a message right through to the city, right over Harding's and Hendricks' and Lord's and Duffield's

and Dowling's heads. You didn't know that, did you, Tim? That's the big secret. You know it now. It's my secret, my invention—mine, Tim. And when they find it out my name will rank with Edison's and Newton's and Watt's and Marconi's—and I will send the message, Tim, straight to the city—straight over the mountains—or through them—or under them—through the sky—across the desert—and it will reach the city manager's office without an operator between Cailing and the general manager's private receiver, knowing anything about it. And the message will be delivered to Aimée herself and it will say this:

"Don't sell a dollar's worth of 'Lone Tree stock' the mine is worth millions—Byron."

Taggart clutched the bottle and put it to his lips. "And Aimée will believe me, Tim; she always believed me, and Carmody Stone will never get a share of the old man's stock and Aimée will be the richest girl in the city. They'll find me dead, Tim, and that will explain why Westerly & Price's message never left Cailing. The manager won't tell. He'll be in possession of my secret—the secret of long transmission—it will be worth a million to him. And if he does tell, it will be too late."

Taggart emptied the last drop of whiskey into his throat; the bottle fell to the floor and smashed.

Tim growled and sank his teeth into his master's boot. Taggart kicked him in the head and reeled out through the open door.

The sun was just painting the horizon with gray and tinting the snow-capped peaks of the Sierras with amber when the form of a disheveled, half-frozen man staggered into the wireless-station at Cailing. Hatless and blood-stained, he bore visible tribute to the struggle that had torn his flesh and tortured his soul. A dog whose mane was tangled with brush and snow followed at his heels.

"Tim, ol' friend, nearly went to sleep out there in the snow, didn't I m' boy; the long sleep, eh?"

The dog wagged his tail pathetically as Taggart stroked his head.

"Mos' forgot to send the message to her, didn't I, Tim? Well, ol' boy it's not too late now to save the little girl, though guess you'll get the tombstone, Tim, and they'll carve me at the base."

Half-drunken and stiff with cold Taggart reeled over to the oak table covered with delicately constructed instruments and littered with charts and code-books. He lifted a heavy lid from a stout box and drew out his "trans-moter." In the presence of his beloved invention the effects of the alcohol and the benumbing results of his terrible exposure seemed to vanish. His eyes shone with unwonted brightness as he adjusted the intricate mechanism and connected it with the transmitter. In a shallow drawer under the table were a number of cards not unlike a navigator's chart. Taggart carefully selected one, attached to it a compass, and describing a circle on the chart, figured rapidly a calculation necessary to the adjustment of the long flat needle on his trans-moter. When the work was completed, tested, and apparently satisfactory he dropped heavily in his chair and buried his face in his hands.

"After this—the deluge!" he muttered.

The sun had crept well up over the mountain-tops and its effulgent rays flooded the cabin with light. The fire had become a little pile of smouldering embers.

Taggart raised his head and roughly brushed away the moisture that crept from under his eyelids.

"'Dutch' is the Devil's courage, Tim; it belongs to night and blackness. Thank God, we didn't send the message, Tim. Had I been so black a traitor to duty as that, Aimée would have cursed my memory, Tim, and refused to touch the fortune that came to her by such vile means. Honor, after all, my boy, is the kind of stuff of which love is made. Honor is my profession; honor—though it cost her her fortune. We'll send the real message, Tim, the one from Westerly & Price. We'll send it on the trans-moter, Tim; it shall be its dedication to truth and honor, and we'll face our fate, Tim, here at Cailing, or wherever duty takes us."

Already the trans-moter was ringing like a cluster of muffled chimes. Sparks of

fire leaped from the deep box and flashes of electric-fluid filled the room with purple light. A mighty force was at work. Unanalyzed elements were leaping to do the work of the silent operator at Cailing. The wires vibrated and the flashes of unseen force leaped into the clear air from the point of the steel above the cabin.

When the last code-word was sent Taggart dropped back in his chair exhausted. He was sober now. The intense excitement of the moment had sapped his vital energy. "Would it carry through to the city?" he asked himself and waited, like a man in a stupor. Would the general manager's instrument be strong enough to handle the message. Would it be too late to retrieve his honor.

It seemed hours that he sat there glued to his chair. The sun rose higher and higher. The fresh invigorating air restored his exhausted spirits. He arose, finally, a new light in his eyes and joy in his heart. Tim watched his every move and jumped up to be petted, putting his great head affectionately against his master's hand.

"It's good to be alive, after all, Tim. It's good to see God's sun again and breathe the sweet air of these mountain-heights." Stooping, Taggart roused the dying embers of the fire. He got out the kettle, filled it with water, and hung it over the blaze.

"We'll have to take a bite, Tim, and get down to sense again. It was a bad nightmare we had, old boy, and we'll change our brand."

A flash of purple light filled the room. The receiver pounded fiercely.

Taggart quickly released the thumb-screw and gave it full bent.

"It's Harding, at Watling!"

Taggart shouted the message aloud as it came in. His face flushed with excitement now.

The general manager wants to know what devilish contrivance there is at Cailing. He received a message that nearly burned out his coil and racked his receiver to pieces. Thinks he received a direct wire from you. Told him it was impossible—I had forwarded nothing—

Taggart grasped the key, and cut the receiver short. His finger worked rapidly

a moment. The trans-moter flashed and trembled like a living thing under his magic touch.

"Guess that will satisfy him, Tim—if there's enough left of his outfit to take it."

Releasing the "trans-moter," and brushing back the chart, Taggart called up Harding.

It's all right. The air was so clear I tried sending the message straight through.

The answer came back:

Give me the message and I'll send it through regular. If it tallies with the one sent you're worth a million—

A keen sense of pride possessed him as he sent the delayed wireless dated Seattle.

The reaction of the night's physical and mental struggle began to tell upon his overstrained system. Haggard and heavy lidded, his head fell on the table.

The click of the little machine at his right aroused him.

Why did you shut off my message—

The words came dimly to his ear. Taggart did not raise his tired head. He stretched his hand forward and touched the key.

In God's name, Harding, let me rest an hour unless it is a question of life and death.

The reply came:

It's a question of death—

The receiver again was murmuring:

Of death—

Taggart's finger acted involuntarily.

Of death—

Again the operator at Watling:

It is a message to you from Dowling in the city.

Don't tell me Aimée—

His finger stopped.

The receiver clicked on:

James Blandford shot himself at his home last night.

Taggart sprang back from the instrument.

"Aimée's father—Tim! Tim! The old man has killed himself! Thank God we live."

Taggart stared wildly around the room. Tim crouched on the floor.

The instrument was clicking again:

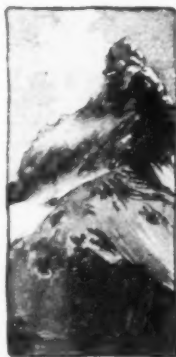
Miss Blandford asks you to come to her. What shall I reply—

Yes—yes, a thousand times—and tell her—

Taggert struck the key.

His hand fell away.

"No, no, Tim, I can't do it! I couldn't tell her then—I can't tell her now. Aimée is mine! Let Carmody Stone have all the stock in the universe. It's the Devil's currency, anyway. And we've beaten him, Tim, beaten him—haven't we—you and I?"



The Sorrow of Suey

BY CHRISTABEL SOBEY LEITER

THE room was small and dingy, filled with charcoal-smoke and that mysteriously suggestive odor of burning incense which no good Chinese home is ever without. Through the haze the sulen eyes of Suey, wife of Gun Toy, furtively watched her lord and master as he bowed low before the joss in the corner, and after lighting another taper between the knees of the crouching god on the altar, hastily muttered his customary formula demanding repose for the souls of his ancestors and many sons for himself.

"That they may keep the grass green over my grave so that the devils can never send my soul into the body of a pig," he ended fervently.

Suey, removing the few last grains of rice from her tiny blue bowl, almost dropped her skillful chopsticks at Gun Toy's sudden, quick word of command that brought a little, chubby boy rolling out of his low bunk, where he had been quietly playing with a gaudy kite. Her dark eyes, full of burning love, follow-

ed him as he pattered across the room to bow in his turn and repeat after his father the prayer for a long life and the great Buddha's favor. His baggy pink coat and gay yellow trousers of embroidered satin failed to hide the plump round limbs that were Suey's pride. His stubby little queue, artistically lengthened with strands of pink and green silk, was pulled negligently over one shoulder, and lay caressingly across the pink brocade bosom, where it rose and fell with his soft deep breaths. Surely the gods would protect such beauty, and save it from being despoiled!

"Gun Toy would not dare!" muttered the mother, rising from her high-backed wooden chair and falling on her knees before the altar. There she stayed, while the boy sprang back to his play.

Gun Toy made ready for the business of the day. His blue blouse was quickly exchanged for a dark tweed coat; his thick-soled Chinese shoes gave way to a pair of heavy black lace boots; and a black round hat clapped on his head

turned him into a pretty fair imitation of an American citizen, could one overlook the thick coil of hair wound around the back of his head, but half concealed by the hat above. As he started carelessly for the door, lighting a large cheap cigar, which added yet another odor to the already overcharged atmosphere of the room, Suey arose, and for the first time that morning broke silence.

"You really intend doing what you said last night? Or were you merely teaching me the control you say I lack?"

"I go now to open up my store and then to order my son's birthday-feast. I have asked Nan Sang and Lee Wong and their sons to celebrate with us. After that, I shall return for Gun Wah. See to it that the child is clean and his clothes whole, else the white pigs at the clothing-store will speak in scorn of the son of my ancestors."

He slammed the door behind him.

Suey listened to his clattering footsteps echoing back to the upper hallway, while the long-restrained tears poured down her smooth cheeks and splashed down on her brown hands. She crept blindly over to the bunks and threw herself into the lower one, her arms tightly clasping the little wondering boy, who had been sitting there watching her.

"Mother, why do you cry so?" he asked plaintively.

Her tears only fell thicker, wetting his little upturned face and his soft hands which lovingly patted her cheeks.

"Has my father broken my mother's heart that she cries so hard?" he begged pitifully. "But my father is a good man. When I am a man, I, too, will be good, as good as my father. He did not mean to hurt my mother. He is good."

"When thou art a man, my son? Ah, little one, you are a man. To-day, six years old, and now—" Her voice broke in another deep sob.

"Are you sorry because I have become a man, then?" he asked incredulously. "But I could not stay a baby always. Has my father not taught me to pray the good Buddha every morning to make me grow fast that I may honor my father and have many sons to honor him when

I am old? It cannot be that which makes my mother sad on my feast-day." He shook his head; his little face was puzzled, and tears were starting to his soft eyes.

"Gun Toy must see no tears, Gun Wah. And to-morrow, when you go to that American school, remember that the men of our race do not cry. Come!"

She struggled out of the bunk to her feet, still holding the boy. Moving slowly across the room, for her eyes were still blinded, she fell heavily on her knees before the idol in the corner, the Buddha, so unwinking, so stony in the dignified calm of pure indifference.

"Pray with mother for a safe return to the home of your ancestors, beloved one," she whispered. "The white pigs' country is not the place for us to live—and die," she ended with a shiver.

There the father found them. A few sharp words recalled Suey to the present, back from the visions of her son as her prayers would have made him, and the sudden sight of her husband's hideous American clothes brought back to her mind the proposed change in her son's apparel. Still on her knees, with the boy struggling to free himself from her too-ardent clasp, she sullenly watched her husband stoop impatiently to gather up the neglected rice bowls and throw a handful of charcoal on the fast-graying embers in the brazier.

"Gun Toy," she said quietly, as the boy broke loose, "I have prayed, and the great Buddha has favored me and given me courage to speak. Also he has shown me a vision of Gun Wah as a man, and our son wore the honorable garments of his ancestors. Does that mean nothing to you? Are you so far lost to all religion that you can persist in your sacrilegious course, upsetting all tradition?"

"Hush, woman!"

He stepped nearer, looking down at her not unkindly.

The boy had scrambled back to his bunk and sat holding the kite, amazed at this change in his silent mother. Gun Toy, no less amazed, towered over her kneeling figure and remembered that American men allow their wives to speak.

"You do not understand, my Suey,

mother of my only son," he reproved her gently. "Every day you pray to go back to China. First we must grow rich enough."

"What has that to do with the white boy's hateful shoes and trousers?" She shuddered. "Why must you affront the spirits of your ancestors by such a bitter blow to race-pride? Are you not afraid that the wrath of the gods will be visited on Gun Wah, the hope of your old age and mine? For yourself, you are old enough to decide whether you will brave—"

"Peace, peace! My son is going to the American school, to have his chance as other American-born children do. This is the country where all men are equal and the great are those who can make themselves so. Gun Wah is an American boy, and he must wear the clothes of one. No more talk!"

He turned his back to her as he took the hand of the boy, and Suey gave one horrified glance at his head.

"Gun Toy! Gun Toy!"

With a quick movement the woman had prostrated herself before the altar and in an agitated whisper was begging the god to let her bear the punishment. In her eyes Gun Toy had committed the unforgivable sin. When she rose to her knees and faced him again, her husband was still consciously, yet caressingly, feeling the back of his cropped head.

"The father of an American citizen does not wear a queue," he said proudly, as he felt in a pocket and drew forth a long thick braid of black hair, which he tossed into her lap.

"But now we can never go back to China," she moaned, rocking in her sorrow, and burying her face in the once-loved strands. "You are disgraced, an outcast, a man of no race, no country. Gun Toy. Gun Toy!" Her voice had risen to a cry of agony.

But the man's new-found tolerance gave way. Pulling a pair of shears from a nail on the wall, he stooped over the child and quickly severed the tiny braid close to the little round head.

"This, too," he muttered and threw it into her lap.

Seizing the astonished child by the arm, he drew him swiftly out of the room.

When, two or three hours later, Gun Wah, new made and awkward in his tight-fitting knickerbockers and stiff little shirt, timidly turned the door handle and crept in, anxious to be admired, yet fearing more strange actions on his mother's part, he found a huddled mass of dark blue clothes on the floor before the Buddha, on whose unresisting knees rested the long thick braid with its dangle of black silk. But clasped tight to the mother's lips was a little stubby braid, gaudily finished in pink and green.

The Climber

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

Author of "The Silver Poppy," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK J. MULHAUPT

I
THE PRELUDE.

BRISTOL HOTEL,
PLACE VENDÔME, PARIS.

ANGEL ALLIE:

Just a scrawl, before I cut for Faubourg St. Honoré and the embassy. Thursday, when I was waiting for final instructions from the duke, I was button-holed on the steps of the St. James

by an oily scoundrel in faded green and fringed heels. He "corralled" me, as your people say, picked at my sleeve quite mysteriously, and murmuring, through a fine odor of gin, that he had some valuable papers which really ought to come under my eye.

Being as romantic as ever I listened, instead of handing him over to a "bobby." Then, with another oily smile,

he murmured something about even second-sons being cautious. He went on, funereally about the youngest offspring of the foreign-office *entourage* keeping clear of scandals, blathering on about home-prejudices and the dangers of any union between old-families and American women. When he mentioned your name I was on the point of sending him kiting into the gutter, right there in Piccadilly. But I remembered the row you had kicked up last winter down in Surrey when Lady Boxspur's maid carried off your papers and that box of letters. And to make it even worse, while I stood there listening to the bandit in the green coat, up walks the duke himself, sniffing as audibly and pounding the pavement as hard as usual. Besides all this, I thought it might give me a clew to those stolen letters. And there was the duke, waiting for me, peering over his hawk-nose and pounding the steps with his stick.

So I meekly paid the blackmailer his five pounds, to save a scene. I had a chance for just a moment's glance into it, inside the club, and what the dickens it's all about I don't know. Then I called a messenger and sent it right on to you—for I could see it was yours—and is something about your newspaper-work in America and all that sort of thing. Five pounds for a scrap-book! I had to rush to catch the Paris train, without even a note, explaining. Of course, all that talk about secrecy is rot—what if you were a newspaper-writer once, over in the States!

By the way, that reminds me—I'm awfully sorry you rowed with Nannie; she's the only sister who really cared for me, and I wanted you two to be famous friends. You mustn't say it was catty because she let out about the newspaper-work before the duchess—that was my fault, all my fault. You see, it leaked out so gradually (as you say, it will take twenty years to make me a diplomat!) when I was talking to the *pater* about you. You know, he's awfully keen on what he always calls your "get-to-it-iveness," and driving up, one night, he told me, a little wistfully, that he would have been Chancellor of the Exchequer if he'd

had the sort of wife I'm going to have! And the governor never enthuses!

But, at any rate, I was telling him about how, when you first came to London on that newspaper-consignment—no, you call it "assignment," don't you—when you were ill at the Cecil, with the influenza, and how the hotel-doctor kept wondering and worrying because your temperature always went up in the morning, and down at night, contrary to all theory and experience, until you happened to tell him that you had been doing night-work on a New York paper for—how long was it?—making day night, and night day, and all that. It was simply to illustrate some silly argument about the force of habit, you know—but that's how it got out, and how Nannie got to know. Nannie, I'm afraid, never makes up—I never saw an Attenham yet who didn't smell to heaven with pride—so you try and see what you can do, you're so confoundedly good at that sort of thing.

I got the *Queen* with the announcement of The Event. It made me feel very solemn, to read that stately paragraph, as if I were royalty about to wed. You had it worded very nicely, and it ought to smooth down some of the Attenham feathers. But I wish you hadn't put off the date again. At least I wish you had spoken to me first. For C. W. has just had it straight from the Old Boy himself—I mean Downing Street, not the Devil, of course!—and has been so reckless to whisper it on to me, that it would be a "knighthood," and would come along with the Birthday Honors. After all, Lady Attenham wont sound so awfully bad, will it, little woman? And this is only the beginning, you know.

Yet, honestly, I don't see how I'm going to wait all this time till The Event. Ever since that afternoon we rode side by side along that dusty Fez road into Tangier and you refused to make a mess of my career by cabling home your story about the Morocco mix-up—and how long ago it seems!—ever since then, I feel that we two have done nothing but labor and scheme and climb. And I want a little rest. I want to get comfy, with just you, YOU! Of course I know you



"I meekly paid the blackmailer his five pounds"

were right in saying the title ought to come before The Event—in fact, you are always right—you seem able to think so many moves ahead of the game. But let's take it easy for a while; this pace rather makes my head swim, especially when I'm so far away from you.

But thanks awfully for the wire giving me the tip about the Kitchener rumpus. It helped me out magnificently. We win again, apparently. The duke will be bowled over at the news—and everything sliced out as clean as a whistle! But be awful careful about approaching the Thunderer. That's facing big guns, you know, and they might be rather nasty if they wanted to. But why bother, anyway? And why bother, too, sticking it out at the Whitson-Reids' if it's so uncomfortable, until The Event? It would sound better, as you said, but we're only going to live once, dear, and above all things I want you to be happy, whether we succeed or fail. (But could you be happy, I wonder, if you were not succeeding?)

Be sure to dress warmly if you go to the Four-in-Hand with old Bayanauiski. Honestly, little woman, I wish you wouldn't knock about with that old bag of bones too much, even if he is a prince. He has a horrible name in Petersburg; and all London knows what he is. Of course, if you can get anything about the Saghalien coast-fortifications keep your ears open, but I don't like your mixing up in this sort of business now.

As I said before, I want you to rest, and to be happy. And we shall be happy when once we're together, sha'n't we? Try and be at the Puddicombes' Tuesday at five. The *mater's* dropping in for tea—she brought home a lot of Indian bead-work from Banff and wants you to tell her if it's real or not. The dear old *mater*. She's not your kind, but I want you to love her! But more than all I want you to love her son—which is me! So here's a hug, little woman, and uncounted X X X's, until I see you. I've missed and needed you awfully, time and time again, over here. You know how thick-headed I get when you're not about to do my extra thinking for me. Meet me at Charing Cross next Monday or Tuesday night

—I'll wire the train—and we'll bubble to C. C's. and talk things over. Be sure to wear a veil.

And don't forget about old Bayanauiski. And if you go to the Turf Club, go with the Churchills. I'm counting and marking off the days until The Event. A Seine full, a Channel full, a Thames full of love!

Always your own,

BERTIE.

P. S.—I wonder if you will let me read that scrap-book through some day?

113 GROSVENOR SQUARE,
LONDON, W. C.

DEAR BERTIE:

Why should I not let you read this scrap-book through? You paid five pounds for it. That makes it yours. So I'm mailing it over to you, at once—or, rather, what there is left of it. In one way, I'm not altogether ashamed of my past. And if you're ever to be ashamed of your wife, then I'm already ashamed of you! But I've never told you much about my newspaper-work in America because I always felt it would be so hard to make you understand.

Conditions over there are so different. For example, I know you call yourself democratic—you said you used to wear a flannel shirt at Magdalen, a sign and proof thereof. But I know you always pinned that flannel collar together with a little gold hunting-whip studded with pearls! Your democracy is very different from what mine used to be. And it's so hard to explain. You remember how you laughed when I couldn't make out what you meant by "getting your colors" at Eton or Oxford, or wherever it was? Well, there are certain things in my country so understood I could hardly explain them.

That's why I want you to read this scrap-book—this poor little faded and yellow colored volume that was once the pride of my youth. You can do it on the train, coming home, if you have no time until then. I was too cowardly, I think, to show it to you, at first; I was still half-afraid of myself. But now I don't care. And if anything should happen to me, it would help you to understand.

I want you to realize how hard I've always had to work for things. I want you to see how I've always paid for everything I got. Your life is so different. Your country is so different. Over here you seem born to things; you wait and step into dead men's places. Where I come from, we always have to climb, and climb alone. That's what makes me feel what you said about "resting" being out of the question. I think the fever's in my blood. It makes me almost afraid of myself, sometimes. That's one of the reasons I liked you, from the first. You always seemed so cool and equable and resting. I've always felt, with you, as if I were sitting in the quiet shade, away from the noise and dust of things. Dear old Bertie!

I'm afraid I'm not making this letter either lucid or interesting. But I'm strangely worn and tired these last few days, for some reason. I feel unsettled. I wish you had stayed in London. Young de Girardin yesterday explained to me that it was the Bulgarian advance on Sujuk that forced the Turkish commissioners to delimit the vilayet of Adrianople frontier, and the report is to be signed on the 19th. I'll be very, very careful at the Four-in-Hand. I don't think the danger will be from cold.

Bayanauiski is dropping in for tea tomorrow. The old dear sent me American Beauties to-day, with a French verse tied to them. I believe he's rather fond of me. His eyes are exactly like a mastiff's. I don't believe half the things they say of him. Don't you think it's because his official work makes him so many enemies? You'll be that way yourself, when you're Foreign Secretary and old and cranky—but you'll never have eyes like a mastiff! There is nothing new in the Saghalien Coast matter. I'm glad you're getting on so well, but I'm sorry you miss me. Why? Oh, I could hardly explain.

This is a stupid letter. I can't write more now. And you will think the scrap-book stupid, too! I tried to make up with Nannie, but she is relentless—the Attenuated blood for you!

I can't go to the Turf Club with the Churchills—Bayanauiski is calling for me with the drag. But don't worry, I'll

be sure to dress warmly. Be sure to let me know in advance the day you come back.

As always,

ALICIA.

II

THE FOOTPRINTS.

[Being certain pages from the scrap-book of Miss Alice Emma Taussig, of Salina Gulch, Utah.]

Alice Emma Taussig, the clever young daughter of "Big John" Taussig, recited a beautiful poem entitled "Sometime." Her rendition of these lines elicited an *encore*, after which she rendered a piece on the piano, thus blending the divine arts of music and poetry in a manner to uplift above the stern realities of life. It augurs well for the culture of Salina Gulch that at the next weekly meeting of the U. W. P. Club, which will be held in The Freemasons Hall, Miss Taussig is to read an original essay on The Religious Belief Of Robert Browning.—*Salina Gulch Tri-Weekly Argus*.

Miss Alice Taussig, the first young lady graduate of The Spencer Academy, will be a full-fledged Salina Gulch schoolteacher at the beginning of the year. Although still young, Alice's advanced position in literature and culture is a sure index of her spirit of progress, and an earnest that she will keep abreast of the times, which the teachers of this town have always done. She is, moreover, a brilliant scholar, being a graduate of the C. L. S. C., and having earned both the white and garnet seals. "Big John" is proud of his girl, and so are we.—*Salina Gulch Tri-Weekly Argus*.

Miss Alice Taussig, the brilliant young daughter of "Big John" Taussig, of MacDoughall Street, and who has been so successfully conducting the "Home Column" in *The Sentinel*, has given up teaching. She left yesterday to take an important position on the staff of the *Salt Lake Journal*, where we all wish her God-speed. The social and intellectual circles of Salina Gulch will feel the loss of Miss Taussig's brilliant mentality.—*Salina Gulch Weekly Sentinel*.

Alice Taussig, who has been society-editress of the *Journal* for the last four months, is to be added to the forces of our brilliant Sunday-staff. It was Miss

Taussig, our readers will recall, who secured the *Journal* interview from Judge Charles Tripp, of Fort Smith, the American "Judge Jeffries," who has sentenced more men to death than any other judge in the history of jurisprudence. As Judge Tripp had never before talked to an interviewer, Miss Taussig's revelations marked an advance in western journalism.—*Salt Lake City Journal*.

One of the most prominent persons brought to Union by the execution was Alice Taussig of the *Salt Lake Journal*. Alice is all business. A stranger would never take this small, blue-gray eyed, and altogether unassuming young lady for a journalist with a growing reputation. But Alice is an interesting writer, and a lady, too. To which same our "snake-editor" adds that she's the finest looking girl who ever rode into Union. Alice expressed the hope that we would not give her a roast for coming to Union to see a man hung, especially as she had interviewed him in his cell three weeks beforehand, thereby scooping the New York *Siar* reporter who had been sent west for the same purpose. We wish all the women of Franklin County could hear Alice Taussig express her opinion of those of her sex who crowd to such places merely to satisfy morbid curiosity. She was present as a soldier on duty. She had her orders for the interview, and later for the execution. She would charge a battery if her employers wanted her to write up the real sensations of the situation. She stood within six paces of Henry Broutow when he went through the trap because her duty as a journalist took her there. Enterprise is not restricted to sex in these days.—*Union Daily Picayune*.

At 12:45 Clerk Brown read the death warrant to Broutow, and preparations for the march to the gallows began. At 12:50 Sheriff Ford, with hat in hand, closely followed by Broutow between deputies Patterson and Gebbert, walked from the jail to the enclosure. Up the steps with firm and steady stride marched the prisoner. Already on the scaffold were Alice Taussig, the talented lady-reporter of the *Journal*, and two male representatives of the *Call* and the New York *Star*. A notable feature of the exe-

cution was that all the doctors who became so conspicuous in the different trials cravenly absented themselves from the execution. Sheriff Ford received much praise from all sides for the efficient way in which he performed his duty. Never having witnessed an execution, in two days he had prepared everything. The whole program went through as prepared, without a flaw, though on account of short notice Broutow's parents and many friends were not advised in time. The only irregular incident was just before the cap was drawn over Broutow's head. He was asked if he had anything to say. He said "Yes," in a firm, loud voice, which was heard even at the foot of the scaffold. Then he turned and faced the lady-reporter of the *Journal*. "I don't deserve this," he said. "And there stands the woman who will have to answer for my death!" By this it is generally accepted that Broutow firmly believed that his pardon would have been signed by the governor if Miss Taussig had not sent to her paper his full confession. As the *Echo* has already stated, this confession was cleverly secured by Miss Taussig, who dressed as a nun and visited Broutow in his cell. The report that the *Journal* representative fainted on the scaffold, at the last moment, when Broutow made his erratic accusation, is stoutly denied by the *Journal* editor and Miss Taussig herself.—*Morgan Echo*.

TAUSSIG — JOURNAL — SALT LAKE CITY—Are you open to consider offer to join *Planet* special staff and how soon? Dwyer, San Francisco *Planet*.—Copy of telegram from *Planet* Office, San Francisco, with "Mr. Dwyer's first offer" written in script on the margin.

The portrait given to-day on the first page of the *Mecca* is that of Miss Alicia Taussig, one of America's foremost women-journalists. It is not a year since Miss Taussig joined the staff of the San Francisco *Planet*. Miss Taussig is a Salina Gulch girl. But it did not take her long to break the shell of her chrysalis, the mountain-walled valleys of Utah where she started in her profession, and with new wings unfurled she flew to the sunny fields of the Pacific slope. Miss Taussig comes of a fine old Maryland



The Bayanauiski-Taussig marriage set London astir

and Pennsylvania family that once counted soldiers and judges among its members, and three revolutionary heroes of the same name give this young authoress her place as a Daughter Of The American Revolution. She was also one of the Reception Committee of the San Francisco Press Club to receive Whitcomb Riley last week.—*Denver Mecca*.

Through the courtesy of Mrs. Auguste Shenck we have been permitted to inspect a number of the copies of the New York *Star*, containing articles from the pen of Alicia Taussig, the brilliant young daughter of Mr. John Taussig of MacDoughall Street and niece of Mrs. Shenck. Alice has made an enviable reputation for herself in the East, and is just beginning. Her feature of last Sunday's *Star* is her signed article showing the inner workings of the Jersey fruit-canneries. To obtain this information Alice applied for work as a day-laborer, and sorted, peeled, and cut fruit. She is also good at political reporting and interviewing, and secured for the *Star* the advance story of Senator Delane's bolt. Her position as society-editress has also brought her in touch with Gotham's Four Hundred, where she is welcomed as much for her beauty of face and charm of manner as for her prestige as a chronicler of Society's passing show.—*Salina Gulch Sentinel*.

Salt Lake City still wants to hog things. The *Journal* of that town has been claiming Alicia Taussig as a Salt Lake girl. Alicia was born and bred right here in Salina Gulch and got the early training, that is making her the cynosure of all eyes in New York, at the same desk where we now write these lines. But now that Alicia is famous because she had the spunk to go down to the bottom of the Patapsco River in the *Argonaut*, our new submarine, the Salt Lake *Journal* is trying to claim her for its own.—*Salina Gulch Sentinel*.

Alicia Taussig, New York's most brilliant woman-journalist, will visit each of the different European capitals for the *Daily Star* and give America her valuable personal impressions on "How To Beautify Our Cities." Virile of intellect, indomitable of will, alert, clear-sighted,

and with all the natural endowments of the true critic and observer, Alicia Taussig is still a sensitive, tender, warm-hearted woman, throbbing with sympathy for the lowly and the unfortunate. For this reason Miss Taussig's letters to the *Star* will also partake of the nature of studies in sociology, as she treats of the factories and slums of the different great cities she is to visit. The first two letters will deal exhaustively with London; and the next two will cover Paris.—*New York Daily Star*.

TAUSSIG—HOTEL CECIL—LONDON—Hold back London article and interview B. Attenham, British Foreign Office, now at Gibraltar. Get facts if breach of Algeciras Conference in England's forcible interception of moving-picture machines sent by Germany to incite religious war at Fez. Wire full story; rush.—Cablegram from G. H. P. New York *Daily Star*, New York.

TAUSSIG—HOTEL BRISTOL—GIBRALTAR—Equip at Tangier and follow Attenham to Fez. Investigate Moorish outbreak at Safru and connect with moving-picture machine outrages. Wire everything on Attenham mission; draw on us at Cook's; rush.—Cablegram from G. H. P. New York *Daily Star*, New York.

TAUSSIG — HOTEL CONTINENTAL — TANGIER — Must have Attenham story. London and Berlin data waiting confirmation; am sending Struthers down from Paris to help. Rush.—Cablegram from G. H. P. New York *Daily Star*, New York.

TAUSSIG — HOTEL CONTINENTAL — TANGIER—Cannot understand your scruples; wire story or wire resignation; immediate.—Cablegram from G. H. P. New York *Daily Star*, New York.

(Below this, written in script, in woman's hand: "The End.")

Rescued from Raisuli—Intrepid American Woman Captured By The Notorious Moroccan Bandit and Later Rescued By British Envoy—Had Been Warned At Two Consulates Not To Attempt The Interior—Brereton Avering Attenham, Who Personally Effected The Rescue, Refuses All Information—Captured Woman Said To Be Young Ameri-

can.—Heading of despatch from the London *Daily Mail*, with body of article removed from scrap-book, but with woman's handwriting along empty column: "Oh, Bertie, Bertie, if they only knew!"

Professor O'Malley, after the inner-man had been satisfied by the good things served by the ladies of the society in the basement, then spoke on "Some Famous Graduates of Spencer Academy." He had an easy subject, and he made it more than interesting. Beginning with Alicia Taussig, the first graduate, who is a daughter of "Big John" Taussig of MacDoughall Street and who has long since worked her way up to the top of the literary ladder, he told of how it was a Utah woman who infused a new spirit of aggressiveness into Eastern journalism, enumerating some of the wonderful feats which Miss Taussig had accomplished. —*The Salina Gulch Tri-Weekly Argus*.

(Thereafter followed a number of clippings from, apparently, London society journals. Each clipping was so heavily overscored with blue pencil-strokes as to be practically undecipherable. The only one left intact was a report from *The Queen*, of the presentation at Court of Miss Alicia Taussig, of New York City.

III

THE SUMMIT

Yesterday in St. Stephen's Chapel, London, Miss Alicia Emelia Taussig, of New York City, was married to Prince Ignace Ormsdorff Bayanauiski. The service was a private one, the only persons present being the private secretary of the Prince, and a Mrs. Auguste Shenck, an aunt of the bride, who is *en route* from Rotterdam to America. — London dispatch to the Paris Edition of *The New York Herald*.

The Bayanauiski-Taussig marriage has somewhat set London astir. Alicia Emelia Taussig was one of the most striking figures in London social circles, and her beauty, combined with her American breeziness of manner, made her everywhere popular. During the last few months her name has been coupled with that of one of the younger and more ambitious members of the foreign-office

staff, already listed for promotion because of his brilliant work during the recent Moroccan trouble. In fact, one reputable society journal of this city has already published an announcement of the formal engagement of Miss Taussig to the officer in question, but it is now conceded that any such announcement must have been either ill-founded or premature, to say the least. The groom, Prince Bayanauiski, besides being one of the most distinguished of the Russian notabilities who have elected to reside in England during the present political unrest, also won fame through the Karakoran Frontier Arbitration and the winning of the Hague permission for the Saghalien Coast fortifications. There was some feeling, during the advance of the British Mission into Tibet, at what was considered the prince's over-active opposition to the foreign-office plans. That matter, however, has been long since forgotten, and during the past season the prince has abandoned his more onerous official duties for the distractions of society. He is the owner of vast estates in the neighborhood of Petrozavodsk, Olonetz, where, it is rumored, he will once more make his home, following the consummation of the civil and religious marriage-service in his church and country.

The aunt of the bride, Mrs. Shenck, who witnessed the ceremony at St. Stephen's, was questioned by the press-representative on her way to Liverpool to embark for New York. She was quite willing to talk, but could give no explanation of the hurried proceedings, beyond the fact that Miss Taussig had always been a young woman of both independent thought and tempestuous activity. Mrs. Shenck, whose face bore the unmistakable signs of recent weeping, corrected the report that Miss Taussig had been a New York girl, declaring that her niece had been born and brought up in the town of Salina Gulch, Utah.

It was only last week that His Excellency The Czar caused to be conferred on Prince Bayanauiski, on the occasion of the latter's seventy-fourth birthday, the Badge of the Order of St. Andrew.—Special dispatch to the Paris edition of *The New York Herald*.

A Reversion to the Type

BY HELEN F. BAGG

ILLUSTRATED BY ANGUS MAC DONALL

AUNT MARY says that as far as Paris is concerned my reputation is lost, utterly lost, and that it is all my own fault. I am afraid she is correct in both particulars. She also says that such a combination of disasters could never have been achieved by anyone but a direct descendant of Greatgrandfather Peters, who, she says severely, possessed a positive genius for putting his family in disagreeable and compromising positions. But, though I am willing to admit it was my fault, I insist that it never would have happened had it not been for Sir William Curtis.

We are Americans—Aunt Mary, otherwise Mrs. Channing Porter, and I—though she has lived abroad so long I sometimes think she has forgotten she doesn't belong there. When I say anything of this sort to her, she always replies that she is proud, very proud to be an American, but she can live more comfortably in Paris. When I came to her, a girl of fourteen, she sent me to the convent of the Sacred Heart, where I stayed for five years. It was purely the result of accident that I "came out" in London instead of Paris, when I left the convent last Spring. A lawsuit concerning some English property of Aunt Mary's took us to London in April and threatened to keep us there all Summer, and as the Honorable Mrs. Ronald Phillips wanted to "bring me out," Aunt Mary decided to let her do it.

And now I am coming to Sir William Curtis.

Sir William Curtis is an old friend of Aunt Mary's and also of the Honorable Mrs. Ronald Phillips. In fact, they say he was very much in love with the latter lady some fifteen or sixteen years ago, but he was so very slow in making up his mind to ask her, she grew tired of waiting and married the Honorable Ronald Phillips instead. Perhaps this experience taught Sir William the value of

precipitancy in love affairs; at any rate, I had only met him about a dozen times when he proposed. I am not sure whether it was on the fifth or sixth of May we became engaged. It was the fifth when Sir William told Aunt Mary he was in love with me; and it was on the sixth that he called my attention to the fact, put the ring on my finger, kissed me twice, and said, in a tone of relief, that the matter was settled.

Of course, you understand, I would not have allowed Sir William to put that ring on my finger if I had not felt I was very much in love with him. It takes more than five years in a French convent to kill the conviction born in every American girl, that she is entitled to marry to please herself. Sir William was a good deal older than I, but I felt that he did please me. When a man is very good looking and has a charming manner, he can't help but please one a little; and when, in addition to this, he is very fond of one, it is quite easy to be pleased still more. Aunt Mary was delighted with the engagement. She said Sir William was an excellent man and would make me a splendid husband. Then she added, dreamily, that his place in Devonshire was one of the finest in the country, and that, for a girl of small fortune, I had done remarkably well.

"Of course, he is a little elderly for you, Josephine," she continued, "but, with your temperament, you really need some one to steady you. And Sir William must be about ready to settle down now, I should think."

"I don't want him to settle down!" I cried indignantly. "And he doesn't want to steady me. We are perfectly satisfied with each other as we are. I've always thought I'd rather be an old bachelor than anything else in the world, and Sir William and I are going to have just such jolly times when we are married."

A peculiar look came over Aunt Mary's

face, but she didn't say anything for a minute or two. When she spoke again it was about the *trousseau*. She said she would take me to Paris in a couple of weeks to do some shopping and order the gowns, and as long as Sir William seemed to be in such a hurry, there was no particular reason why the wedding should not take place in July, before everyone went out of town.

After Sir William and Aunt Mary had had a few talks on the subject, the date was set for the eighteenth of July, and the engagement was formally announced. It was very exciting, of course, and I am sure we all enjoyed it in our different ways. Aunt Mary arranged things with Mr. Leonard, her attorney, so that she could leave London about the first of June, and Sir William asked to be allowed to escort us, so we could have some good times in Paris. Just as we had made our plans, Aunt Mary received a letter from Madame de Couvray, inviting us all to visit her at her country-place near St. Germain. She said they were having very warm weather in Paris, that we would be much more comfortable in the country, and that we could drive in any time to do our shopping. Aunt Mary's apartment in Paris was rented till Autumn, so we decided to accept the invitation. The de Couvrays are delightful people. He is a writer. I have never read any of his books, because they are not "*pour les jeunes filles*," Aunt Mary says; I made up my mind, however, that if I encountered any of them on this trip, I would read them. An engaged person ought to have some privileges, I should think. To be quite truthful, I don't think Aunt Mary enjoys them particularly, though she always goes through them religiously before we visit the de Couvrays.

We had arranged that Aunt Mary and I, accompanied by Julianne, her maid, were to meet Sir William at Charing Cross, in time for the nine o'clock train to Dover. Aunt Mary, who has a horror of missing trains, got us up at six o'clock, and called the cab at eight. Just as we were about to start, a message came from Mr. Leonard saying he must have Aunt

Mary's signature to some papers before she went. She was dreadfully provoked, but the papers were important, and she felt she ought to go. Finally, she said:

"Josephine, you and Julianne must take the cab and meet Sir William at Charing Cross. I will take another, go to Mr. Leonard's office, and then follow you. If we miss the train, we shall have to take the next one."

She hurried us into the cab, and Julianne and I were rushed over to Charing Cross. There we had the pleasure of waiting half an hour before Sir William made his appearance. He came, finally, and train-time began to draw near, but no Aunt Mary appeared. Julianne, who is always cross when she travels, began to complain in her native tongue, and I noticed Sir William wasn't quite as even tempered as usual. I found out afterward that the French language generally had this disquieting effect upon him. As for me, I had never felt better. For the first time in five years I found myself in a public place not under the watchful eye of Aunt Mary, and it was exhilarating. I walked up and down the platform, my hands in the pockets of my traveling cloak, and felt perfectly happy. Sir William tapped on the floor with his foot, in the way people do when they are irritated but are resolved to be polite at all costs. Then he pulled out his watch and announced that it was seven minutes of nine.

"I really don't believe Aunt Mary will get here," I said. "She must have been detained."

"Then we had better return to the hotel," said Sir William, sharply.

"*Madame say zat ze nez' train*—" murmured Julianne.

"The next train does not leave for an hour and a half," replied Sir William.

"I think, Josephine, we will return to the hotel, as I have already suggested."

A wild and altogether delightful idea had just darted into my mind.

"Sir William," I said, taking his arm and walking him out of ear-shot of Julianne, "why shouldn't we, you and I, go on to Paris without Aunt Mary, and let her follow with Julianne on the next train?"

Sir William looked at me in much the same way he would have looked had I proposed an elopement ending with marriage at the registrar's.

"I don't think you realize, my dear, what you—"

"Oh, yes I do!" I interrupted, for I knew there was no time to lose. "Why shouldn't we? She will join us to-night, you know, and anyhow, we are engaged, so what does it matter? I want to see how it feels to go off on a lark for once without Aunt Mary."

"But, my dear girl, if you will only wait—"

"Yes, I know what you're going to say, but it won't be a lark when we're married. I want to do it now. When it's perfectly proper for you to do things and everybody expects you to, they lose half their charm. Don't you think you would enjoy having a whole day alone with me, Sir William?"

Sir William weakened visibly. "But your aunt?" he said, hesitatingly.

"Julienne can wait here for her, and they can join us at St. Germain. Now, we have just time enough to explain things to her and catch the train."

In a moment of weakness he yielded.

I explained to Julienne, in rapid French, that she was to wait for Aunt Mary and explain to her that Sir William and I had gone on and would expect to see her at St. Germain for dinner. Julienne was scandalized. In all her experience, she had never heard of a young girl doing anything half so dreadful as to travel from London to Paris with a gentleman, and unchaperoned.

"But then," as she justly observed, "with Americans one never knows what to expect!"

"Julienne, you are exceedingly impertinent," I said, severely. "You will remain here until *madame* comes and give her my message."

Fortunately, Sir William had the tickets, and at nine o'clock, not a minute before, we were seated in the Dover train. Oh, but it was exciting! It would have been pleasanter if Sir William hadn't been so grumpy about it. In all the time we had been engaged, I had

never seen him grumpy before; but it wasn't until we reached Dover and had gone aboard the channel-steamer, that he began to look pleasant again. I suppose he thought the harm was done, anyhow, and he might as well let himself go; which, after all, is the only way to enjoy one's self.

The channel was fairly smooth, very fortunately, and we made ourselves comfortable in a corner of the deck. Sir William grew talkative and began to tell me about his place in Devonshire. It seems it is rather a remarkable place. There is a dairy connected with it with fifty cows. He said every cow had its own stall, with its name printed over the entrance, and each animal went into its own stall every night like clockwork.

"Gracious!" I said, "if I were one of those cows I would go into the wrong stall some night, no matter what happened. Fancy doing things in exactly the same way every day of your life! Why, it's dreadful—even for a cow."

"I don't see anything dreadful about it if it's the proper thing to do," replied Sir William, stiffly. "Besides, if you did go into the wrong stall, the other cow would hook you."

"Well, even being hooked would vary the routine a little, wouldn't it?" I said.

Then he went on to explain that when we were married we would live down in Devonshire most of the time, except for a few weeks during the season, which we would spend in London.

"You see, my dear," he continued, patting my hand, "I have scarcely done my duty by the old place, all these years, but now it will be different, won't it?"

I nodded. Then I shut my eyes and saw those fifty stalls, with the fifty names painted over them, and those fifty stupid old cows walking sedately in, and when I opened them, everything looked different, somehow, and grayer.

It was half-past four when we reached Paris, but we didn't stop there. I had hoped we would have time to go somewhere for a cup of tea, but Sir William had such a fearful time getting our luggage through the customs and transferred from the Gare du Nord to the Gare St. Lazare, that there was no time

left for tea if we expected to reach St. Germain for dinner. He said it was because the French railway-officials were the stupidest people on the face of the earth, but when I had heard him tell the porter to "*prenez le bagage à la voiture,*" I felt there was something to be said for the railway-people.

Madame de Couvray was waiting for us when we left the train at St. Germain. Sir William had telegraphed her from Calais, but I presume he had omitted to mention Aunt Mary's absence, for she looked very much astonished to see us by ourselves. Madame de Couvray is a beautiful woman, and, being a Frenchwoman, is as tactful as she is lovely. She greeted us in English, to Sir William's visible relief. Then she said:

"But where is *chère* Madame Porter?"

It was an embarrassing moment. I confess it had not occurred to me how my lark would appear in the eyes of a Frenchwoman! I glanced quickly at Sir William, his face was rather red, and with the thought of coming to his rescue, I stammered, faintly:

"She—she hasn't come."

Well, I don't suppose Madame de Couvray can be blamed for leaping to the only conclusion possible to her mind. She gave us each a quick little glance—we both looked guilty enough—and said, with a little scream:

"*Mon dieu!* I believe you have come to us on your honeymoon! When did it happen? You have taken us quite by surprise, I assure you. No wonder you preferred to leave *la chère tante* in London, eh, Sir William?"

It was a frightful position! I had no time to reflect that it was my own fault, and that I had no right to drag poor Sir William into such a box. I only thought of what Madame de Couvray would

think if she knew the truth, and I shot a pleading look at Sir William, begging him to save us somehow! I needn't have worried, however; I had reckoned without his pride. He was no more anxious to shock Madame de Couvray than I was. He murmured something about "London," and "Mrs. Porter arrives later," which she seemed to take for an answer to her questions, and then she hurried us down the road to a big automobile, which was waiting there.

There was a gentleman standing by it whom she introduced to us as "our American friend, M. Withers." You have no idea what a peculiar feeling it gave me to be introduced as "Lady Curtis!" If I had dreamed for a moment, of the consequences my poor

little scheme was to bring upon me, I should have waited for a thousand Aunt Maries; or so I thought then. As for Sir William, he never once glanced in my direction. I knew he was furious. He talked to Madame de Couvray—they sat together in the tonneau—and in the midst of my misery, I felt a gleam of joy to think I was not

Lady William Curtis—yet.

Mr. Withers was rather occupied with his machine, which was a new one; but he found time to tell me he was from Philadelphia. And when I cried, "Oh, are you? I am too!" he smiled and said that settled it; we were evidently intended to be friends. He was not a very tall young man, and was inclined to be rather stout; but he had the brightest pair of eyes I had ever seen and an awfully jolly voice.

We reached the house in a few minutes and M. de Couvray and his mother-in-law, Madame Jarreau, were in the hall to welcome us. Of course, Madame de Couvray had to relate what she called our "little escapade," and they were much amused. I shall never forget Sir William's face when Madame Jarreau



congratulated him in French upon his marriage. She doesn't speak a word of English, so he had to reply in French, and his expression as he did so was a study! But there was a worse ordeal in store for us. It came when Madame de Couvray showed us our rooms.

Mine was the one I had always occupied when visiting the de Couvrays—a big, sunny one, overlooking the garden. It had a door connecting it with the next room, but there was a large mahogany wardrobe placed in front of it. When the men had put my luggage down, *madame* told them to move the wardrobe, and to put Sir William's luggage in the next room. I stood there, not daring to glance at Sir William; I could imagine how he looked. Then the men went away, and *madame*, after telling us that dinner would be served at half-past seven, followed them.

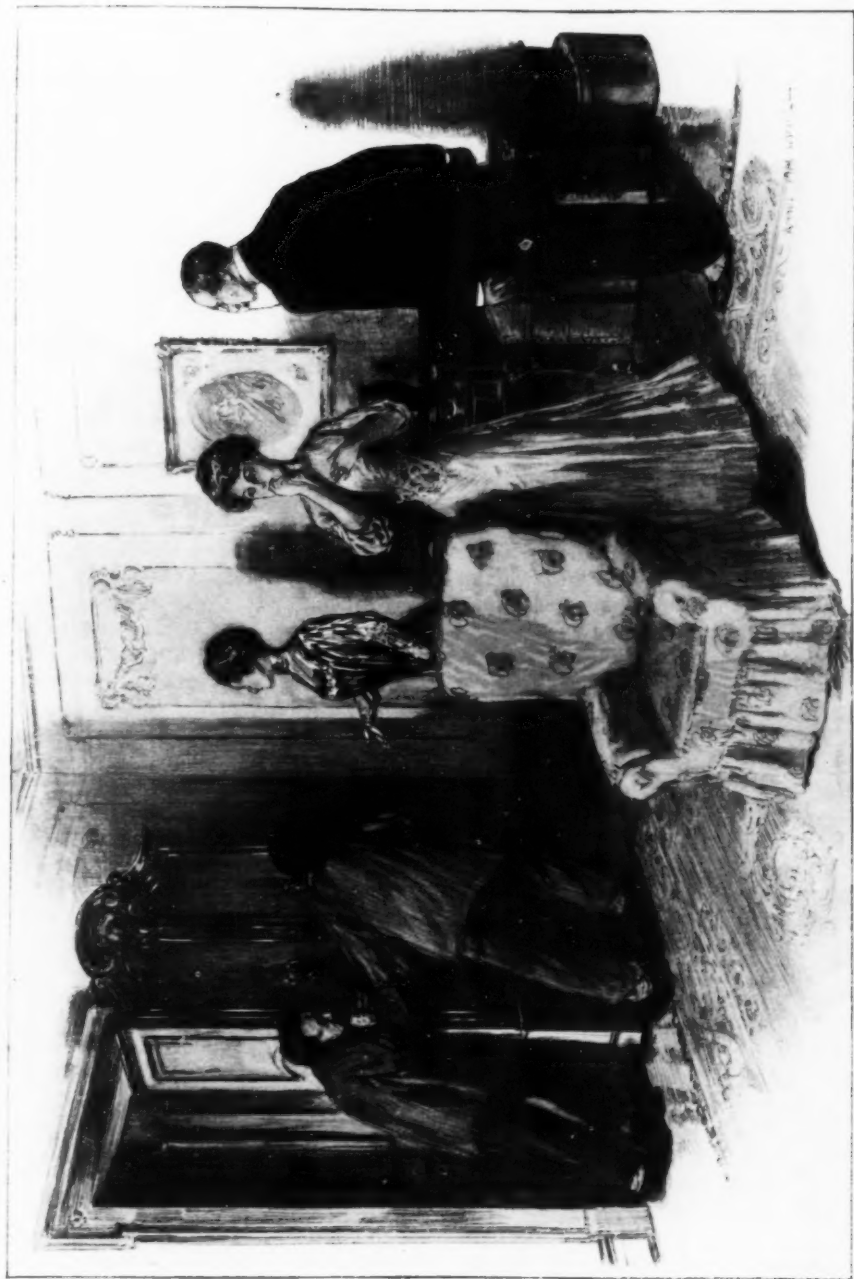
Sir William said something under his breath, and then, without a word to me, stalked into his room, slammed the door, and locked it. As for me, I took off my hat and cloak and flung myself on the bed for a good cry; but, as I lay there, the recollection of Sir William's face, when he thanked Madame Jarreau for her congratulations, came into my mind, and I rolled over and over and laughed until I groaned. I didn't have much time for laughing, however, for *madame* sent her maid to unpack my things and help me dress for dinner. I chose a white lace gown, which was fairly new, and not unsuitable for a bride, and Marie dressed my hair much more becomingly than Julianne ever had, so I began to feel better. After all, I said to myself, what difference did it make if people chose to think we were married before we really were? It was only a joke, and we could be married before long, so where was the harm? I only hoped Sir William could be brought to see it in that light. His manner when he slammed that door and locked it was not exactly promising.

When I went down-stairs, I found Madame de Couvray had received a telegram from Aunt Mary saying she had been detained by business-affairs and would not be able to leave London for

several days. Of course this seemed perfectly natural to the others; they joked about it and seemed to think Aunt Mary had invented the business-affairs, in order to let us have an uninterrupted honeymoon. But I knew better. I knew that only something very important would have made Aunt Mary deny herself the pleasure of speaking her mind to me in regard to my misbehavior. Moreover, I felt sure I should have a letter from her the following day, and as it would be addressed to "Miss Josephine Peters," it would mean trouble.

There were only two guests besides ourselves, the Mr. Withers, whom I had met, and—to my great astonishment—Olga Starkoff, a girl whom I had known at the convent, a year or two before. Her father was the Russian ambassador, and a great friend of M. de Couvray's. Olga isn't exactly pretty, but she is decidedly fascinating. She is a tall, rather heavy brunette, with big, dark, sleepy-looking eyes. She was one of the greatest mischiefs at the convent, but she always had such a demure, lazy look, that she was never suspected of anything livelier than a nap. She created a good deal of excitement when she arrived at the convent, by telling two of the girls, in strictest confidence, that her mother was a Russian princess, and that both of her brothers were Nihilists. As this information trickled its way through the school, Olga naturally became an object of interest, mixed with awe. She was reported to be engaged to a distant cousin, whose photograph she kept in her trunk, and from whom she was allowed to receive letters at stated periods. I was very glad to meet her again, and she seemed pleased to see me. Then Sir William came down, looking a little more amiable than he had gone up, and we went in to dinner.

Fortunately, Sir William and I were not left alone very much. I say "fortunately" because he was still decidedly cross, and I knew he was longing to tell me just exactly what he thought of me. I found myself wondering whether he would be apt to indulge in that sort of thing often when we were really married. If Sir William was behaving in what seemed to him the proper way for a mar-



"I stood there not daring to glance at Sir William."

ried man to behave when things went a little wrong, it was hardly a good omen for our future happiness; for if I knew myself at all—well, I knew things would most certainly go wrong now and then.

Mr. Withers—his first name, by the way, is Tony, and it has such a funny, fascinating sort of a swing when you say it over and over and over, "Tony Withers, Tony Withers, Tony Withers!" As I was saying, Mr. Withers and I had such a nice little chat after dinner. Only fancy, he knew all the Philadelphia Peterses, and said they were delightful people! He even knew about Great-grandfather Peters. It seems he was a bit of a wretch after all, but a gentlemanly one, you understand. He eloped with Great-grandmother Peters right under the very noses of all her family, who wanted her to marry another man. He also fought a duel or two with fatal consequences, the fatal consequences being for the other men, I presume, as Great-grandfather Peters lived to be a colonel in the war of 1812, and disobeyed the orders of his general, thereby winning a battle that, according to rule, ought never to have been fought at all.

I told Mr. Withers that it was a great relief to me to know that Great-grandfather Peters had never done anything really scandalous, as I was generally considered by the family to resemble him rather closely. He laughed.

"I can't imagine your doing anything that wasn't altogether charming, Lady Curtis," he said.

I thought that if he had known what I had done to Sir William, he could hardly have said that. I wished that I could ask him not to call me "Lady Curtis"—it made me dreadfully uncomfortable—but, of course, I couldn't. I sighed and said I wished I deserved so favorable an opinion. I could see that Mr. Withers was older than I had thought him at first, and exceedingly clever. I found out from Olga, the next day, that he had been elected Governor of Pennsylvania, but had not yet gone into office. We had a delightful evening, while the others played "bridge," and as Sir William was very lucky at "bridge," he condescended to forgive me on the

stairs, when he bade me "Good-night."

"But," he added, severely, "what will happen when your aunt turns up, Heaven only knows!"

Which was not a soothing thought to go to bed on. Perhaps it was not strange that I dreamed that Great-grandfather Peters was a cow, and Sir William was trying to force him into a stall with "Peters" printed over it, and that Sir William got badly hooked in the process.

Aunt Mary's letter came the next day, but, by a miracle of good luck, it was written to Sir William. The writer was indignant, highly indignant at our most unconventional behavior. It pained her to think of the astonishment of the de Couvrays at our unchaperoned approach. Of course, she knew it was all Josephine's fault. Julianne had reassured her on that point. Still, it was none the less compromising to us all. However, as long as we were there, and the harm was done, we might as well stay there until her arrival, which would be in a few days at the latest.

My relief, when Sir William read me the letter, was tempered by the knowledge that the evil day was only postponed. Some day, Aunt Mary would swoop down upon us, and the de Couvrays would have to know all. What would they think of me? And what would Mr. Withers think? I felt that it would be more humiliating to be so mortified before a fellow countryman, than before a legion of de Couvrays. Well, worrying about it wouldn't put off Aunt Mary's coming, so I tried to put it out of my mind, and to enjoy the time that remained to me. We played golf all morning, Sir William and Olga playing a foursome with Mr. Withers and me. They beat us, which put Sir William in such a good humor that he actually tried to put his arm around me at the last tee, when the others had driven off. Fancy, as if I were a lady's-maid!

After luncheon I went to my room to take a siesta, I said, but in reality, to do a little thinking. An idea had come to me; such a sensible one that I wondered why I hadn't thought of it before. It was to write to Aunt Mary, tell her the whole

truth, and arrange to meet her in Paris, where Sir William and I could be quietly married. If only Aunt Mary and Sir William could be brought to see the obvious beauty of the scheme, no one need ever know the dreadful thing I had done. When I had settled this in my mind, I was surprised to find I wasn't nearly so happy as I had expected to be. Here I had been perfectly



willing, even anxious to be "Lady William Curtis;" and yet, for some reason, the prospect failed to please me now. Probably it was because Sir William had acted so disagreeably. Yes, without doubt, that was it. No one likes to be scolded and have doors slammed at one, one moment, and then to be embraced like a barmaid the next. Decidedly, Sir William was lacking in delicacy. Now, if he—

There was a knock at the door, and, opening it, I saw Olga, dressed in a red silk kimono, with her hair down in two long, thick braids.

"May I come in?" she asked. "We haven't had a chance to talk, you know."

She came in, curled herself up on the couch, and calmly lit a cigaret. There was always something barbaric about Olga, even when she was conventionally dressed. But in that red gown, with her hair down, she had a half-civilized look. It was the old Olga of the convent days, with the cigaret added. We talked French, too, which made it still more like old times. I asked her about the cousin; it seems he died shortly after she left the convent. I was prepared to sympathize with her over this affliction, not that I think a great deal of cousins, in general, only, of course, it makes a difference when you are engaged to one and have kept his photograph for years, but she was so cool about it that sympathy seemed uncalled-for. She said it was probably all for the best; which seemed hard on the

cousin. She also said that one of her brothers had married an heiress, and was living on the family estate, and that the other was an *attaché* in London. I ventured to hope they had outlived their Nihilistic ideas, but was met with,

"Goodness, child! You didn't believe all that nonsense I told you at the convent, did you?"

I didn't ask any more questions. I was

afraid the Russian princess would be the next myth to vanish. It seems that all the family were nicely provided for except Olga, which must have been rather unpleasant for her. She had been out nearly two seasons, and had had a good many offers, she said, but either she was hard to please, or all the really desirable men were married.

"The English make good husbands," she remarked, "and your Englishman is very agreeable."

I didn't say a word. If she could think Sir William Curtis agreeable, after the way he had been behaving, there really wasn't anything to say. I changed the subject by mentioning Mr. Withers, and it was then she told me about his having been elected governor—she said of Philadelphia, but I knew she meant Pennsylvania. M. de Couvray met him while traveling in America, and thinks a great deal of him.

"He is a funny little man, but clever—oh, yes, very clever," concluded Olga.

"I don't see anything funny about him," I said, indignantly. "And let me tell you, it means something to be the Governor of Pennsylvania."

"I suppose it is a large town," observed Olga, innocently.

"Very large," I replied dryly, for I saw that geographical distinctions were wasted upon her. After a little more gossip, she went away, and I opened the window and let the cigaret-smoke out.

We played "bridge" that night, Madame de Couvray and Mr. Withers, against Sir William and me. I am not a skillful player, though both Aunt Mary and Sir William have striven to make me one. They play it with a whole-souled fervor seldom met with outside of "bridge" and religion. Their styles of playing, however, are so very different, that mine has become rather a mongrel one. Sir William plays a safe, conservative, and perfectly dignified game—the result, probably, of generations of duplicate whist, while Aunt Mary leans toward a reckless and stake-it-all-on-one-throw system. The fact that her efforts are usually accompanied by a sort of unholy luck, does not tend to make it any pleasanter for Sir William.

As I have intimated, my style of playing is a sort of compromise between theirs. That is, I am generally rash, when it would be well to be conservative, and conservative, when a little rashness would pay better. It was getting late—we had been having wretched luck and Sir William's face was so gloomy, and his remarks so monosyllabic—that I felt that something must be done. I dealt, picked up my hand, saw three kings, and, in a burst of desperation, made it "no trump." Sir William had nothing and of course we were beaten. It was the rubber, too. When the hand was over, Sir William demanded, freezingly, what I had made it on.

"Three kings," I said weakly.

There was a pause, then Sir William rose and remarked, severely:

"I should advise you, Josephine, to give up playing 'bridge,' until you can play it with some degree of intelligence. To make it 'no trump' on three kings is—is unprincipled, it is worse than unprincipled—it is positively immoral!"

And he stalked into the smoking-room, where M. de Couvray was sitting. Madame de Couvray blushed, and looked as mortified as if she had been rude, instead of Sir William, and Olga, who had been watching the game, observed, calmly:

"He has a temper, your Englishman!"

But I caught a twinkle in Mr. Withers' eye, and to save my life I couldn't have helped responding to it with a sort of

choked giggle. It evidently relieved the pressure, for we all laughed, even Madame de Couvray, though she kept an anxious eye on the door of the smoking-room. Poor Sir William! I presume his cigarettes made him good-natured again, for he forgave me, quite cordially, on the stairs, and said he would buy me a handbook on "bridge" as soon as we returned to London.

I did not sleep well that night, and, as a consequence, did a good deal of thinking. I found myself wondering whether I would have taken Sir William's behavior quite as good-humoredly had I been actually Lady Curtis. I concluded I would not have. There would have been an element of aggravation in it, in that case, which would have entirely outweighed the humorous. I woke, in the morning, with a headache, which lasted till afternoon, and I did not join the others when they went to the golf-links after luncheon. Sir William, who never indulges in headaches, or, in fact, in any weaknesses of that sort, patted my cheek, good-naturedly, and said he hoped that I'd feel better by tea-time. Then he started for the golf-links, carrying Olga's clubs and his own.

I strolled into the library, where through an open window, I could see Mr. Withers doctoring his machine. It had behaved quite unaccountably the last time he had taken it out, and he had stayed home to tinker with it. When I saw him, he was lying on his back under it, in fascinated contemplation of the machinery.

"Do you think you've found the spot?" I asked, after watching him for a few minutes.

He turned his head and saw me.

"I'm sure I have," he replied. "She'll go beautifully now."

"Then why don't you get up?" I demanded, not unnaturally.

"Well, you, see," was the response, "owing to a slight, but rather inconvenient *embonpoint*, this position is not an easy one for me to assume. So when I have assumed it, I like to take my time and make all the investigations I can. Also I find it an excellent position for thought."



"It is worse than unprincipled; it is positively immoral"

"What do you usually think about?"

"As a general rule, I think of how much harder this machine is to understand and control than the political ones with which I deal at home, which is saying a great deal for the inscrutability and general contrariness of this one. Just at present, however, I am thinking of something quite different."

"What?"

"I am wishing that when, by a terrific effort, I regain my equilibrium, thus—" and he crawled out and stood up, "you would go for a drive with me in the thing."

"You are the first automobilist I ever heard call his idol a 'thing.'" I said, laughing.

"Am I? Then I fear I shall shock you when I admit that on certain occasions I have been known to use a stronger adjective. But, seriously, will you go? It will do your head no end of good."

"I suppose it would, and I'd love to go, but Sir William—"

"Nonsense! Look here, Lady Curtis, I'll take you round by the golf-links, and we'll stop and tell him where we're going."

"Oh, will you? Then I'll go," I said. "I've been longing to all the time."

It didn't take me long to put on my hat and coat, and it was only about half past two when we started.

It was a beautiful afternoon, with just clouds enough to keep it from being too sunny. The car really did go very well. Mr. Withers said he thought by the time it was worn out, he would understand what made it act so badly sometimes. We took the road that led to the golf-links, but it was so rough I begged him to go some other way. He was very glad to, though he said that if there was any danger of Sir William's worrying about me, he would go the other way, but I said, no, I didn't think he would worry. The road was really too horrible to go over, so we went in the other direction.

Mr. Withers said that there was a beautiful piece of woods, nearly four miles long, that he would like to show me. It belonged to an old estate that was for sale, and there was a lovely drive through the thickest part of the wood.

He thought we could make the trip and still get back in time to dress for dinner, so we decided to go there. We went at a pretty good speed, as we had a long distance to cover, and it was such fun! Half the time we were too happy to talk. What can one have to say that is half so fascinating as a cunning little country church, nestled among green hills, or an old *château*, peeping over the tops of the trees in the distance? Finally we came to the estate of which Mr. Withers had spoken. We passed the little village, which bears the name of the family that owns the estate, and went up and down a few hills, then plunged into the delicious coolness of the woods.

"I'm glad you're going more slowly," I said, when we had gone a little way into the woods, and I noticed our speed had slackened. "These woods are too delightful to be rushed through in a hurry."

"It's very odd, but I haven't slowed up at all," replied Mr. Withers, in a puzzled tone. "I'm afraid—I hate to say it, but I'm really afraid—there's something the matter with the car!"

There was something the matter with the car. It was going more and more slowly—finally, it only crept. We looked at each other in dismay. Yes, it had actually stopped! Mr. Withers went below and began investigations. I sat in the car and wondered if it could be possible that it would really refuse to take us home, and what we should do if it did. At last Mr. Withers assumed an upright position and came to my side.

"Well," I asked, "what is the matter?"

"I'm ashamed to tell you," he said. "You'll think me an awful duffer!"

"No, I won't," I said. "Only tell me, I hate suspense!"

"Well," he replied, rather sheepishly, "the gasoline has given out. You see, I was so busy tinkering up its confounded old joints so it wouldn't break down again, I clean forgot the gasoline."

I looked at him a moment. He was the picture of despair. He reminded me of a good-natured baby taking care of an elephant. I laughed, in spite of my dismay.

"I say, it's awfully good of you to take it like that!" he cried, gratefully. "Most women would have been completely dis-

gusted. But I'll get you out of this somehow."

He took out his watch, and exclaimed: "By Jove, it's five o'clock!"

Five o'clock, and no gasoline, we, miles and miles from home, and the de Couv-rays' dinner at half-past seven! I stopped laughing immediately.

"What can we do?" I said, in despair.

"We must get some gasoline," he said, determinedly. "If you will sit here, I'll walk back to the village and see if I can get some there. It's only about three miles."

"Never! I wouldn't stay alone in these woods for anything," I said, jumping out of the car. "I'll go with you."

"I'm afraid it's rather a long walk for you."

"It's better than sitting here alone and shuddering every time I hear a noise," I said, decidedly. "Besides, it looks to me as if it might rain."

"Rain!" he exclaimed. Then, looking at the sky: "By Jove, it does! We are unlucky, aren't we?"

The beautiful afternoon was changing rapidly into a disagreeable evening. I had felt a drop of rain on my cheek a few minutes before, but in the excitement of the disaster had thought little of it. Now it was followed by another and another, and then the rain began in earnest.

"At least, we've had a lovely ride," I said. "Now, for the other side of the picture. Why are you lighting the lamps?"

"It may be dark when we get back," was the reply. "Now, we're off!"

The rain came down harder and harder. It was getting dark in the woods, without the sun. I thought of Sir William and the de Couvrays.

"Oh, what will they think, and what will Sir William say?" I cried as we trudged along.

"It's a beastly shame, and it's all my fault. I should have gone by the golf-links," said my companion, repentantly.

"No, I begged you not to. It isn't your fault, it's luck—my luck," I groaned.

By this time my shoes were full of water, and a steady stream of it was pouring from my hat, all the way around. A sudden gust of rain, harder than the

rest, came. Mr. Withers drew me under a tree, and we stood there, waiting for the worst to pass. He took off his coat and tried to make me put it on over mine, but I wouldn't do it. Then he had a desperate time getting it on again, it was so wet; and I had to help him, and we both laughed. He looked so funny, with his collar turned up, his hat dripping, and his hair streaming into his eyes.

"Well, it's no end of an adventure, isn't it?" he said cheerfully.

"Sir William will be exceedingly annoyed," I answered severely.

"I don't see why he should be," said Mr. Withers. "We are having a much harder time than Sir William is, and we're not annoyed. Besides, it isn't as if you were an unmarried woman and couldn't chaperon yourself."

He spoke a little impatiently, however. It wasn't the first time I had noticed an inclination on his part toward impatience when Sir William was mentioned.

"Yes, it is, just exactly as bad!" I said, then checked myself.

"What do you mean, Lady Curtis?" said he, in an odd tone.

"Oh, don't call me 'Lady Curtis.' I can't bear it!" I cried. "I am miserable enough without that. I'm not 'Lady Curtis,' and I'm not married to Sir William. I'm only engaged to him, but I'm beginning to think that it's just about as bad as being married!"

"You're not married to Sir William!" gasped Mr. Withers, excitedly. "What the deuce—I beg your pardon—but what do you mean?"

He was so excited he took my hand and held it, wet as it was. Then I told him the whole story. I cried as I told it, the rain ran down the back of my neck, and my handkerchief so drenched it was of no use, whatever. I told the story just as I have written it here, even to the time that Sir William slammed the door and locked it; and the more I said the more excited Mr. Withers became.

When I had finished, he said emphatically:

"Well, of all the extraordinary things I ever heard, this is the most extraordinary! Here I've been worrying and won-



"I cried as I told it"

dering and longing to take Sir William out in the car, drop him somewhere, and run over him, and all the time, you weren't married to him at all!"

"You—what?" I gasped.

"You're not going to marry him!" he continued, "You are not more in love with him than I am."

"At least I never wanted to throw him out of an automobile and run over him," I said.

"You would, though, if you were really married to him," he said. "You would want to do something even worse."

"I shouldn't dare not to marry him when I've gone this far," I replied. "Think of the time I'd have with Aunt Mary!"

"Not if you'll do as I want you to," he said, still holding my hand.

"What is that?"

"Marry me," was the reply. "I would have asked you at least two days and two nights ago, if I hadn't believed that you were married to Sir William Curtis."

"But I don't know that I am in love with you!"

"Oh, yes, you are, or you wouldn't have found out that you weren't in love with him," was the confident response.

"But—"

"Don't think any more 'buts'; just say, 'Yes, Tony.' You've really no idea how much nicer I am than Sir William Curtis."

"Oh, but I have, Tony!" I cried, and I suppose he must have taken this for an answer, for he dropped my hand, put both his arms around me, and neither of us said a word for several minutes.

We had a lovely walk to the village. The rain didn't stop at all, and we were drenched to the skin when we reached there. It turned out to be even smaller than it looked when we passed through it. It consisted of a small inn—you couldn't call it a hotel; a church, a blacksmith's shop, and some cottages. Tony left me at the inn while he went to hunt for gasoline, and the landlady, who was delighted to find that I spoke French, made me some tea and built a fire for me to dry my clothes by. Very soon Tony came back and had tea with me. He hadn't been able to raise a drop of gaso-

line in that whole village, but he had arranged with a farmer to go after the car, tow it back, and put it in his barn over night. Then he had found another farmer who had agreed to drive us back to St. Germain as soon as we had finished our tea.

"Everything is going prosperously, you see," he concluded.

"Except Sir William," I reminded him cautiously.

"Oh, leave Sir William to me! I'll deal with him," replied the future Governor of Pennsylvania, comfortably.

The farmer's conveyance proved to be a cart, but my friend, the landlady, filled the bottom of it with clean, dry straw, and loaned us a big cotton umbrella, and in this picturesque fashion we started forth.

It was eleven o'clock when we reached the de Couvrays'. They must have been listening for our arrival, for when we entered, they all came into the hall to meet us. Madame de Couvray, who looked pale and worried, threw her arms around me and kissed me.

"My dear child!" she cried. "Where have you been? We have been terribly frightened about you."

"Are you aware, Josephine," said the severe voice of Sir William, "that it is eleven o'clock, that you left the house without a word to anyone of where you were going, and that we have all been put to great inconvenience—not to say discomfort—about you?"

"And had just come to the conclusion that you and M. Withers had eloped!" remarked Olga, pleasantly.

"Tony, how could you!" This from Madame de Couvray.

"Now, my dear people," said Tony, "don't say another word until you have heard what we have been through. The gasoline gave out, and we have walked miles and ridden miles in the rain. If anybody has any whisky and soda handy, we will both be greatly obliged for it."

Madame sent for some whisky, and Tony, his eye fixed severely upon Sir William, was about to say something more, when the bell rang loudly, and who should enter, wet and dilapidated, but

Aunt Mary! She had arrived at St. Germain in the worst of the rain, and had been unable to get anything but an open carriage to drive over in. Of course we all exclaimed in surprise, but Aunt Mary, paying small attention to our questions, looked at me severely, and said:

"Where have you been? You are as wet as I am."

"She has been out since two o'clock with this gentleman," replied Sir William, angrily. "I am very much put out about it—very much!"

Aunt Mary made no reply, for a moment, but began searching in her bag for something. It was a copy of the *Figaro*, and she handed it to me, folded so that the society-news was uppermost.

"Will you kindly tell me what this means, Josephine?" she said, icily.

It was a paragraph to the effect that Sir William Curtis and his bride, formerly Miss Josephine Peters of Philadelphia, were spending their honeymoon with M. and Madame de Couvray, at their country-place, near St. Germain.

There was nothing to do but explain the matter from the beginning, and I started to do it, but Tony wouldn't let me finish. He made me sit down and drink whisky and soda, while he explained it. Then he told them all that my engagement to Sir William Curtis

was broken, and that he—Tony—and I were to be married as soon as it could be arranged.

It was after Tony's explanation that Aunt Mary made the remark about my reputation which I have already quoted, and also referred to the misdeeds of Greatgrandfather Peters.

It was a painful scene, but I must say for Sir William Curtis that he behaved beautifully. So beautifully, in fact, as to give rise to the suspicion that he was slightly relieved by the turn events had taken. As for the de Couvrays, they tried to act as if it were quite customary for a young lady to behave as I had done, and though they didn't succeed, I was grateful to them for trying.

Aunt Mary's objections to Tony gradually gave way as the time for the wedding drew near, but I know she has never ceased to regret Sir William Curtis and the place in Devonshire.

In the last letter I received from her she declined my invitation to visit me in Harrisburg, and wondered that I could be happy there, after having lived in Paris. She hoped Tony would not prove a disappointment, after all I had sacrificed for him! Incidentally, she sent me a copy of the *Figaro*, in which was announced the engagement of Mademoiselle Olga Starkoff and Sir William Curtis.



The Bubble Hunch

BY BARTON WOOD CURRIE

JONESY, the white-haired little Nimrod of the desert, suddenly blossomed forth with many external evidences of prosperity. He purchased the Dizzy Ghost and garnished it with crystal mirrors, mahogany bars, inlaid wheels, and dazzling shelves of glassware. Of course, in the gold-fields, there was only one solution. I learned that he called it The Bubble Hunch and that it was located in the Lida district.

Fabulous tales of its richness were current. The wild-catters were swarming its rim, absorbing color for their prospectuses and taking out leases on the scenery. But I wanted to hear from Jonesy's own lips, in Jonesy's own manner of telling. So I journeyed down to Bullfrog in a brand new gasoline-camel-of-the-desert. I could scarcely wait to brush the alkali from my lips before I asked:

"Jonesy, what about this Bubble Hunch. The fabulists have booked you as an easy winner of the Bonanza handicap."

He laughed and his pink cheeks became a little pinker as they always did when you struck the chord of his good humor.

"I suppose it's the name," he said, selecting a bright knot in the near-mahogany bar and polishing it assiduously. "But it shouldn't be. The unusual is the common in naming mines. The Bubble Hunch is not half so queer as some of them. It would be a good thing if the queerest thing about mines were their names. Then a few million investors wouldn't have learned to conjugate the verb 'to sting' in all its tenses.

"You may recall 'The Spavined Mule,' 'The Lone Chuckawallah,' 'The Rabbit's Fin,' and a score others up in Storey County. The stock in those mines (an interrogation point after mines, please) was fairly snapped off the market. The wild-catters, who'd incorporate anything from a tufa-quarry to a greasewood-patch, used to lay awake nights thinking up bromide titles, something to stick in

the memory—a little dash of rainbow-paint for the suckers. Now and then inspiration reaped golden harvests for them. For instance, there was The Red Ear. The rubes in the Nebraska and Iowa corn-belt rose to that bait like starving bass lured by a gaudy fly.

"But also there are mines that acquire their odd titles from uncommon events attending their discovery. So it was with The Bubble Hunch. Well, then:

"You don't have to shuffle the leaves of the calendar very deep for the time when the fair hostelrys of Goldfield were not erected with any view to immediate solidity. As an inn, Miller's Annex, up the alley from Jack's dance-hall, was certainly a frail pagoda. The contractor was shy on laths and plaster so he built the walls with basting-paper. I admit the rooms were clean and neat, but it was a bad place for nervous men to sleep when the neighbors quarreled. A lead slug could travel the full length of the shebang, puncture every room, and have a business-head of steam behind it when it debouched into the open.

"Nevertheless, the beds were comfy and there was a wash-bowl and pitcher of some sort of adamant china. Very truly yours was mighty glad to get one of those paper-rooms, after bunking in with a man who was so prejudiced against alkaline water that he had corned himself in alcohol. He was a horribly fretful sleeper. Many times and oft I was compelled to sit on him and call for help.

"On the second or third night of my tour in this airy apartment I slipped into the hay early, preferring to lead the buzz-saw orchestra of sonorous slumberers in the paper-wing. I was pounding the pillow under three speeds, and I guess my nasal carburetter was burring merrily when I came to with the clutch thrown out and the brakes gripping. I heard my name croaked in a voice that smote my ear with thunder. Perhaps I lost a lot of time in firing the kerosene burner and unslinging my private arsenal?

"I couldn't see anything in the room

abeam of the bed, or off the starboard-bow, but on picking up the lamp and shifting the flare I made out a face in the wall just behind me. This was not a shadow face made up of phantom features. It was a sure enough hairy visage, sufficiently real to be chewing tobacco. It budded forth from the paper partition like an animated gargoyle. I knew the unhandsome countenance and its terracotta whiskers in a second, and was pondering a choice of weapons when it broke open and said softly:

"Whisper, Jonesy, whisper!"

"You whisper back to the down, Gibraltar Smith," I snapped at him, "and keep that wild-man-of-Borneo chromo out of my private suite. How'd you know you weren't invading some spinster's bower?"

"Huh," he said, "you'd make a fine Miss Miranda. Why you aint even got a muffler on the exhaust." Then he ran on hoarse and low: "But no jestin,' Jonesy—listen! I've just come out of a dream that is the real sugar-coated hunch. No dizzy kaleidoscope this, but the real photographic goods, as clear and distinct as a cam-era obscura—just have to follow the moon 'till she drops behind Funeral Range. We stop when she dips and there it is—*grottoes of Aladdin* with old Captain Eldorado frankin' the passports. Why, man alive, I can see it every time I close my eyes. Jump into your harness, Jonsey, and we'll go out and corral a gas-wagon."

"I thought you'd cut out the serpent-water, Gibraltar," I said.

"By the stars I have, Jonesy," he replied, sticking his head farther through the wall and saying it solemn. "I'm still spiked in the rumble of the *agua pura* 'bus. This is an honest, innocent dream o' mine, and a chaste, undefiled hunch, marked "three-X, Excelsior" in all the dream-books. But you've got to get a move on, pal, before that moon toboggans. Climb into your duds."

"His head disappeared and I could hear him dressing like a fire-horse. Somehow that face in the wall had me plumb hypnotized, and I was in my jeans before I knew I'd started to dress. Gibraltar Smith grabbed me at the door and we went down that lean corridor of Miller's

Annex in six lopes, ripping gashes in some of the bedroom walls with our elbows.

"The night was still young. 'Twas 2 A. M. A sliver of moon, about as big as a stingy cut of cheese, stood out as clear as a crystal crescent in the basalt blue of the sky.

"We'll take the first buzzer we see," said Gib. Smith, "and slant with it. There's half a dozen big racing-trucks in front of the Montezuma Club. I'll look 'em over and make a choice. No time to flit to the garage, and chances are all the public bubbles are out. Moreover, I'm down to two-bits and my nerve."

"That's a pretty dangerous game," I hesitated. "We'll get potted sure from the club-windows if the boys see us blowing away with one of their cars."

"But Smithy only grunted and dragged me up the trail to where the bunch of autos were, waiting to go out on the desert at dawn, their drivers napping or bucking the tiger over the way at The Palace. Gibraltar had driven a car through the 'Frisco fire and knew a gas-wagon from cam to differential. But there's no limit to motor-wisdom, and we were both due for a lesson that didn't require illustrating-slides.

"As a post-graduate course in adversity had totally eliminated modesty from the system of Gib. Smith, he picked out the biggest machine of the lot, found a battery-plug, cranked her up, boosted me into the turret, and jumped for the wheel. We rolled down the trail about as surreptitiously as a battleship going into action. Looking behind I saw heads popping out of the club-house windows and ducked. Then I had to hold on and take notice of the running.

"We coasted down the dip-grade to the Bullfrog trail in a cloud of dust, and passed through the Tenderloin of the camp like a runaway sand-spout. The sliver of moon was dropping like a silver shaving toward the rim of ebony hills on our right, and as soon as we had cleared the skirts of Goldfield Gibraltar whirled the car off the beaten path and aimed for the shining crescent in the southwestern sky, taking the rough places under all speeds.

"'You'll chew off the shoes,' I yelled.

"'Then I'll run on the rims,' he shouted back. 'We'll run until she goes to pieces like a rotten hulk, and then we'll get out and follow the moon-trail until it's gone to shadow.'

"Pardon the digression, lad, but a gold-hunter's hunch is called by a longer name in the College of Dots and Dips. But I'll say this much for Gib. Smith: He got out every ounce of speed there was in that big iron cruiser. And he wasn't taking too many chances, being some skilled in the speed-idiot's art—that is, not until he heard thunder behind and looked back to see half a dozen flashing lights.

"'Let's drop her here and beat it, Gib,' I yelled to him. 'They'll pot us sure and give us a chance to explain at the inquest.'

"But he simply notched up the throttle and let her drive. We headed for a cleft between two hills and roared down into a gully. It was prodigiously stony going and a front tire blew out with a sharp gasp. Then I heard a soft snapping sound like the puff of a distant gun. A bullet spat over us. I looked back and a pair of streaming searchlights were crowding.

"'Lucky for us Smithy knew that cañon ahead better than the pursuit outfit, and we slid through it nicely with the power off and the brakes gripping lightly. Out of the gorge we rolled onto a dry lake as hard and flat as a Roman road. The moon was plumb ahead and we raced at it, the crumbling tire squdging and rasping. Then in our rear we heard a crash followed by an upheaval of cuss words. I took an honest breath then and climbed up from the floor of the tonneau.

"On we drove at the descending moon across that ten mile plat of caked alkali loam. Then, suddenly, we hit the rough again. The business-department of the car was snorting and racketing now. The spark was bad and missing fire. The cams throbbed out of tune—Oh, yes, I've been studying up on auto-slang. Going to buy a few, you know.

"Well, we began to wallow like a gale-driven derelict.

"'Ease her up, you infernal maniac,' I cried, rising in the air to another terrific jolt.

"'Ease nothing,' he snarled back. 'Look at the moon.'

"I looked and prayed it would take a sudden header. No moon ever set slower and I was mentally trying to push it down and out when I felt a jar like a burst volcano. I had a flash of being blown out of a Roman-candle and lost consciousness.

"When I came to the sun was high and Gib. Smith standing over me. He wore a smile amid his terra-cotta whiskers that began and ended with his flapping ears. As I opened one eye wide and looked up he commenced a wild dance.

"'What in thunder's happened?' I groaned, feeling for legs and arms and things I expected to find missing.

"'Oh nothing,' he gurgled, jig-stepping over the little boulders. 'Oh dear no, Jonesy, not a thing has come off! Only, when the bubble burst it dropped us on as cosy a little mine as ever made a millionaire!'

"He waltzed around a patch of sagebrush and then said solemn as thunder, pointing:

"'There's some of the vein cropping out under the back of your neck that'll assay ten thousand to the ton.'

"I released a yell when I felt a knob on the back of my head as big as an ostrich egg.

"'Not so peevish, pal,' said Jonesy, still whirling like a crazy Dervisher. 'Nothing's badly broken. You'll be all right in a double-shake after the sawbones arrives. Your nap has made you irritable. While you were sleeping the lad that owned the bubble blew along with a *posse*, but he didn't shoot when I exhibited a few shining slugs and let him in for an eighth share.

"'There are dreams and dreams, Jonesy,' he ran on, turning a handspring for emphasis, 'but this is a bubble-hunch where the bubble broke out with a golden rash.'"

Jonesy laid out on the bar a great chunk of picture-ore by way of silent and unequivocal corroboration.

The Honor of the Mitcheltrees

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Author of "For Shorty Cullen's Kids," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. DE FORREST SCHOOK

MITCHELTREE, Junior, general contractor in Monroe, left his little office and hurried down the narrow thoroughfare toward the street—a narrow thoroughfare piled high on either side with lumber, paving-stones, cracked rock, and odds and ends. He was half-way down it when he saw The Girl pass upon the street—much as a man standing in a tunnel sees objects clearly at the open end. To Tommy Mitcheltree it seemed as if The Girl were standing, waiting at the end of the rough, narrow, uncertain thoroughfare that was leading him to success. His heart leaped within him. He hastened on, for The Girl had passed, unseeing. In his intense desire to see her, to hear her talk, to be in her presence, he forgot all else. An instant later he was at her side.

"Tommy!" she cried, joyously.

Upon her face was the radiance of youth. In her voice was the full, free tone of a girl who loved life for its own sake. Tommy loved her; he couldn't help it. But he suddenly became self-conscious—suddenly aware he was wearing an old, soft, dust-begrimed felt hat; his trousers, too, were coated with the white of lime; his coat sprouted wood splinters by the square foot; and his shoes—well.

"Say, look here, Trix—Miss—"

"Trix," she assented, smiling.

"Trix," he went on desperately. "I forgot. I can't go on—not with this togery—my working-clothes. And I wanted to, so much."

She laughed. "Come along," she answered. "You ought to see me in my working-clothes. You wouldn't know me. You wouldn't want to know me."

But Tommy still held back, trying vainly to beat and brush himself into respectability.

"Come on," she smiled.

And Tommy went.

"I'm only going to the bank," he said.

And at the bank he left her.

Once in the bank he pressed on toward the rear and swung into the cashier's private room. The cashier was alone. The cashier was his father, T. J. Mitcheltree, senior, a gray man, with a gentle mien; keen as to eyes, and very wide between them. Tommy pulled up a chair and drew a letter from his pocket.

"Now, look-a-here," said Tommy sanguinely, "this is from the railroad. It's a big thing. I've got to swing it. And I want three thousand more—that's all. I can make it go with twenty-five hundred or twenty-seven-fifty. But I've got to have it. And I've got to have it from your bank." He laughed. "I can't get it elsewhere," he remarked.

The cashier glanced at the letter. He shook his head. Then he swung about and faced his son.

"Tommy," he said, "the bank can't do it. You're mortgaged and hypothecated up to the handle. Don't you see?"

"But—it's such a chance," pleaded Tommy.

The cashier leaned over and touched Tommy on the arm.

"Boy," he said, "I want to tell you something—something that, perhaps, you don't know. I've got faith in you. I know you'll win out. And I've put every dollar of my own money into your business—"

"What," gasped Tommy, "I thought it was the bank."

"Every dollar of my own," went on the cashier. "It wasn't much, Tommy. It wasn't as much as you thought I'd had, was it? I'll tell you why."

He drew himself up proudly.

"Tommy," he went on, "there's not a man in the city, or in the county, or in the state, who knows finance as I know it. Ask anybody. It's upon my policy—a safe, sound, conservative policy, that I've built up the bank. I've never taken any chances with the bank's money—nor with

my own. And the only money I had I had saved out of my own salary. And you know what my salary is and what it's been. The bank's conservative in that line, too. Out on the street they think I'm paid ten thousand a year. You know I'm getting just about a third of that."

He sighed.

"Tommy," he went on, "all these years I've been making a mistake. I've been too conservative. So has the bank. It wasn't until you grew up and started into business that I began to see the possibility of making more than five or six per cent out of good business. I turned about face. I put my savings into your business. It was a wise move. I can see it. I can feel it. I've got confidence in you. But—you've got it all. I've got no more to lend."

"But," persisted Tommy, bewildered, "the bank—"

The cashier swung stiffly back.

"Tommy," he concluded, "once for all. It goes beyond that. It's a question of honor, of my honor, and of yours. The cashier of the Merchants bank does not lend the money of the bank to the son of the cashier."

Tommy drew a long breath as he walked dejectedly down the steps of the bank.

"Gee," he exclaimed, "the old man's so straight he leans way over backwards. Jove! Hang the luck! Well, I'll have to try it somewhere else—that's all."

He brushed against a stout man as he went out—a man of florid complexion, of sturdy frame, a man of solidity, physical and mental, so it seemed. The stout man caught Tommy by the arm.

"Hello, young Mitcheltree," he said genially. "Where've you been? Haven't seen you up at the house for a dog's age."

Tommy brushed his soft hat with his sleeve. "I've been busy, Col. Stubbs," he said, "but I met Trix—Miss Alison, on the street this morning. Had quite a chat."

"Tommy," said Col. Stubbs, genially, "that girl's a wonder. She's the salt of the earth. Think just as much of her as if she were my own daughter, too. Yes, sir, by George. Come up, Tommy," he cried, as he went on in.

"I guess," thought Col. Stubbs, as he entered the bank, "I've got the Mitcheltrees, old and young, cinched good and hard, thank goodness," he added, fervently.

As Col. Stubbs plumped down into a chair at the cashier's desk, a well-defined wrinkle added itself to the incipient wrinkles on the cashier's brow. There were no wrinkles on the brow of Col. Stubbs.

"T. J.," he said, "I want \$10,000 more. I not only want it, but I've got to have it."

He settled back in his chair as if it were all a matter of course, and began to whistle softly to himself.

"Fine day," he added. "Met your son outside. Fine boy."

T. J. Mitcheltree, senior, leaned his head on his hand and thought.

"Colonel," he said finally, "this bank wouldn't lend \$100 to my son. And now you come, and want a hundred times that sum."

"Got to have it," assented the colonel, genially.

"You can't have it," finally announced the cashier, "you can't. That's all there is about it."

He said it with considerable hesitation, too, for he was silently reasoning out things within himself; modern sound business-judgment and old-fashioned conservatism were fighting out their battle. Step by step he reviewed the financial history of Col. John B. Stubbs.

Col. Stubbs was a native of Monroe. He was a mining-engineer—a mining-man. Twenty-five years before he had astounded Monroe business-men with his wonderful faith in copper; he was going to do great things with copper; copper was to make his fortune. Twenty-five years before he had left Monroe—had stayed away for fifteen years; then he had come back. For three years he had lived in a brown stone house in Monroe, with his stepdaughter—for he had married West, meantime.

He had his office in the Lawyers Building. He was business from head to foot; a solid business-man with a solid business-reputation. And his reputation—oh, it had blown in from the West dur-



"That girl's a wonder—the salt of the earth"

ing his fifteen years of absence. The flimsies of the press-associations had been wafted into Monroe during all that time:

"Col. Stubbs, formerly of Monroe, has just done this—or that. Has sold his Pigeon Egg mine for a million. Has traded the Standard of Wisconsin. Has discovered ore in Michigan."

And so it went. People who had laughed at him in the early days now acknowledged to themselves that Col. Stubbs, after all, had known. And when Col. Stubbs, after many years, came back to Monroe with his stepdaughter and his

wealth, T. J. Mitcheltree of the Merchants bank knew the colonel was a solid man, just as he knew Grover Cleveland once had been chief magistrate—because everybody knew it; it was a matter of course. It was at the time when Tommy, the cashier's son, had just gone into business; at the time when the cashier slowly was revising his ideas of safe bank-methods, that Col. Stubbs had first come to him—for a loan.

That had been eighteen months before—perhaps two years. Col. Stubbs had wanted money at once; was willing to

pay the bank for it, and pay well. It was then that a truth had driven itself home into the mind of the cashier: That steady, honest, progressive business-men of the day never have ready money; that their cash is always tied up; that they always need money. It had seemed to him wise, after an examination of the mercantile reports to make that first loan to Col. Stubbs. But the cashier had been careful. It was a matter for the board and not for him, so he had told himself at the start. The board turned the colonel down. There had been just a chance that the colonel was not "O. K."—a chance in a thousand, so the board said, and they were not willing to take the chance.

"We don't know enough about the man," the board had said.

"When it comes down to a fine point," Cashier Mitcheltree had told them, "we don't know enough about any man."

The chance had seemed so good to exploit his new belief, his advanced ideas, that Cashier Mitcheltree had done the thing two years before, that he had never done previously. He had loaned Col. Stubbs five thousand dollars of the bank's money on his own responsibility. Stubbs had justified his faith. Stubbs had paid it back at the time agreed upon. And the bank had made a good thing by it. And then, what the cashier had done once, he did twice, thrice. And suddenly, in the midst of it all, Stubbs had asked for extensions, renewals, new loans. Still the situation had not worried the cashier. There were annoyances in all businesses. And Stubbs, solid, business-like Stubbs was bluntly persuasive; brusquely satisfactory.

"Stubbs is good, good, good."

That was the seductive song that lulled the cashier into security.

And now, suddenly, Col. Stubbs, blandly, regardless of the big sums he owed the bank, was asking for \$10,000 more.

And: "You can't have it," the cashier was repeating for the fourth time.

And Col. Stubbs merely hitched his chair forward, perhaps another inch, and thrust his face into that of the cashier.

"If I don't get it, brother Mitcheltree," he exclaimed, unpleasantly, "everything will go to smash."

"What—what do you mean?" gasped the cashier, startled.

"Just what I say," returned Stubbs. "I've got all my money and all the bank's money into big things, and I'm caught between the upper and the nether millstones. It'll take just \$10,000 to get me out. That's all. If I don't get it," he rose to his feet and spread out his hands and nodded ominously, "it'll be battle, murder, sudden death—smash."

At the end of ten minutes the cashier gave in. "What can you put up?" he asked.

"Now you're talking," returned Stubbs. "I'll put up three hundred and fifty shares of Ultramarine Blue Copper Mine—enough to control the company—"

He stopped.

Cashier Mitcheltree seized his mining-manual, and leafed it over. Ultramarine Blue—it had a familiar sound. Yes, there it was. A good conservative mining-property in Wisconsin. It was fair collateral. The cashier began to breathe with greater freedom. During his perusal of the manual Col. Stubbs had made no representation; had said no word; had just looked on.

"Anything else?" the cashier asked.

"Yes," returned the colonel, "I'll give you an endorser on the note."

"Who?"

"My stepdaughter, Miss Beatrix Alison."

The cashier started. "Has—has she got money?" he queried.

"Her mother left her—some," the colonel answered. "Above ten thousand dollars, anyway."

Two years before the bank had started to make comparatively small loans to Col. Stubbs. The cashier now told himself that this ten thousand certainly should be the last—that before long he would be able to finish up with Col. Stubbs. He could not know that he was just beginning.

It was eleven o'clock upon a warm Spring night. It was fully ten months since the date of that ten thousand dollar loan to Col. Stubbs. Tommy Mitcheltree, junior, was hastening across a floor. The floor was in the home of Col. John B.

Stubbs. He was immaculate. About him were many others, also immaculate. There was music. Tommy's pulse was beating high. For at the end of the narrow thoroughfare of palms that led into the conservatory, he saw a girl. The girl was Beatrix Alison, and she was waiting for him, and he went.

Tommy Mitcheltree had come to this reception with a settled purpose. He thought of the many other times—of the many other receptions, when he had merely hoped. Now he was about to realize. For success had come to Tommy in the shape of some big railroad-contracts that meant not only reputation, but a good living for the next five years at least—an income assured. All that he had to do was to do his part, and he knew if he lived, he could do that. The hardest thing had been to get the contracts. And—he knew what he had to say to Trixie Alison.

"Do you see a cosy corner anywhere about?" he asked of her.

Once in the cosy corner his courage deserted him. He was going to propose—he knew he would propose; but, after all, it seemed just as hard to do it as it had been to get the railroad-contracts. He had pictured himself—he, Tommy Mitcheltree—as doing the thing in a way it had never been done before. He had thought an air of badinage the best, as—

"Well, shall we hit it off, little girl. Shall we invite people to bring presents. Shall we—"

But he couldn't do it. And like everybody else, he had to grope around for ideas, for speech, gulping, gasping, choking, miserable. Then, just when he felt down and out, desperation lent him courage. "Trix—Trix." His voice suddenly became strong, and there was that in his tone that made the girl flush and tremble violently, "Trix, let me tell you—just—"

He stopped. Someone was coming. That someone came, and never stopped before he reached Tommy. It was one of the waiters.

"Mistah Mitcheltree," he said, and passed over a sealed envelope. Tommy was going to thrust it in his pocket unopened, when the waiter spoke once more.

"Any answer?"

Tommy tore open the note, and read it. He turned pale.

"No answer," he commented, with croaking voice.

The waiter went.

Tommy didn't know how he excused himself to Trix that night. He did it some way. She could see his case was desperate. He was conscious he was repeating to her, painfully, that he must go—must go—must.

He was a quarter of a mile away before he came to his senses. He pulled up underneath an electric-light and read the note and re-read it once again. It was very brief.

This is what it said:

TOMMY:

I have been arrested. The charge is embezzlement—made by the bank. The charge is true. Come to me at once.

T. J. M., SR.

There it was, in black and white. There was no doubt about it.

"The one thing I'm glad of," groaned Tommy, "is that I didn't quite get to it. I didn't propose. Thunder, but I'm glad I didn't."

Glad—because his status was now changed. The honor of the Mitcheltrees was trailing in the mud.

His father was in the back room at headquarters. He took Tommy by the hand and led him into a corner. In another corner sat one of the reserves reading a paper.

"There's no defense, Tommy, I've surrendered," said the cashier.

"Well, but—" protested Tommy, bewildered.

"I know, Tommy," said the other man, soothingly, as one who already had faced the worst, "it wasn't a question of morals. It was a question of law. I've been a fool, not a knave. But, it's just the same. It was Stubbs—Col. Stubbs. That's all. I loaned him the bank's money without the bank's consent—"

"But," interposed his son, "you're the bank."

"The board is the bank," replied the cashier. "The board turned Stubbs down long ago. I knew Stubbs was good, Tommy, knew it as well as I knew anything. I made him loans, until—well, I got in



"If I don't get it everything will go to smash"

deeper and deeper, until he knew—he guessed I was in a hole. Then he put on the screws. I had to lend him money, don't you see?"

"And the bank?" queried the younger Mitcheltree.

Mitcheltree, the elder, groaned. "You'll see it in to-morrow's papers, Tommy. The bank has—gone to smash."

Tommy drew his hand across his brow. "Well, but," he finally suggested, "what of Col. Stubbs."

"No, no," returned the other, helplessly, "don't you understand? I took the bank's money, and loaned it out to Stubbs. I took it. But Stubbs—he only borrowed it—that's all. I am the criminal; Stubbs is not. It's the law, Tommy, it's the law."

All night the old man kept up his courage, but when Tommy left him early the next morning Cashier Mitcheltree broke down and wailed like a little child.

Tommy nerved himself. It was a situation he must meet. He bought the first paper he could get. He was ready for the first headline:

MERCHANTS ROBBED BY ITS CASHIER.

But the second headline stunned him:

THE MITCHELTREES, FATHER AND SON, WRECK BANK.

What did it mean? He couldn't make it out at first.

Then he read on down the column:

"It is said that T. J. Mitcheltree, Sr., has been steadily backing, with the bank's money, the Monroe Construction Company, owned by his son. This has been secretly but steadily going on for years."

It was a lie. Tommy knew it was a lie. But who had perpetrated it—that was the question?

Neither the cashier nor his son quite understood the methods of Col. Stubbs—a man with a solid, popular, newspaper-reputation. Col. Stubbs had seen all this coming for months. He was all ready for it. He knew the way to distract attention from truth was to give the people a lie and the people would believe it.

The people did believe it. To this day

the people of Monroe know not the whole truth. It was a good lie; it was a plausible lie; it was consistent. When the excitement was all over, the cashier, a man who made no defense, was suffering a knave's penalty for a fool's act; and Col. Stubbs was walking the streets of Monroe, chipper as ever, shaking his head.

"Don't talk to me," Col. Stubbs would say, with a jerk of the head toward the yard of the Monroe Construction Company, "just find out the facts, that's all."

It was a month later that the cashier sent for his son. Tommy jumped on a train and went down to the states prison.

"Tom," said his father, "there's going to be a receiver's sale—you know that—of all the assets of the bank. There's something I want you to do. I want you to buy in that Ultramarine Blue stock."

"But," protested Tommy, "why?"

"Because," answered his father, "it's the only thing we can buy in. It'll go for a song."

"But," persisted Tommy, "it isn't worth a song. Instead of being Ultramarine Blue of Wisconsin, it's the Ultramarine Blue of Missouri. The former is worth something. Nobody ever heard of the latter. It was a clear swindle. You told me so yourself."

"Stubbs was within the law," sighed the old man. "He said it was Ultramarine Blue; he made no representation. The point is this: I've no faith left in Stubbs' honesty. But, I've still got faith in his business-head. This was his stock. Now he wouldn't have taken it originally unless it were some good. He didn't organize the company; the records show that, Tommy," he went on. "We've gone to the dogs; we're busted. But, by George," he said fiercely, rising and pacing the floor of the little visitors-room, "we've got to retrieve our reputations if we can. When I get out, if I'm alive, I'll work my fingers to the bone, just as you're doing, to pay back the money that Stubbs stole. I want you to buy that stock, Tommy," he concluded. "There may be just a chance, and my opinion is that the receiver will give it away if he can't sell it. Buy it. I want you to."

Tommy bought it; it cost but little. And when he had it he sat down and thought about it—hard. Perhaps, after all, his father was right. At any rate, it was well to leave no stone unturned. He must do—everything. Suddenly, it seemed to him that the only thing to do was to go out to Missouri and see the mine. He raked up his last dollar to pay his fare out there and back.

"If I could only see Trix—just once," he thought.

For the eighth time since the night of that reception he called at her home. For the eighth time he was informed, genteelly, that she was out. Somehow it didn't seem fair. Somehow it didn't seem like Trix. He had thought at first that the colonel had dictated these refusals. But Trix was a girl not to be dictated to, and they had been such close—friends. And beside, she had sent him a curt little note asking him please not to call there any more.

Yet, through all his pain, he was glad—glad he had not proposed to her that night.

He went West. He had not the means even to employ a good mining-engineer when once he reached the spot, but he found the Ultramarine Blue copper mine in Missouri, and then he enlisted the services of one or two common miners, who knew more, at least, than he did, about mines, and veins, and ores. There was the mine. One side of a rocky hill had been scraped away, and a tentative shaft had been sunk. He saw all there was to see. But his two miners simply shook their heads.

"The worst kind of a plant, mister," they told him, kindly. "It's nothing but a game. Salted is the only name for it; that and nothing else." They went their ways. Tommy sighed. It was useless—everything was useless. The Mitcheltrees were wiped out—dishonored.

In his disgust and shame he gave a clod of earth a vicious kick. Then he howled. It wasn't earth, it was rock—a soft, crumbly rock. He stooped down listlessly and picked it up. There was something familiar about it. What was it?

"Cement!"

He must have uttered the word with a

wild whoop, for it still rang in his ears. Cement! It was good cement-rock. He knew cement-rock when he saw it. This sort of thing was right in his line. Eagerly, feverishly, he strode across the ground from one end to the other. Everywhere there was cement-rock. It was a hill—a mountain of cement. And he had found it out.

What did it mean? It meant that the Ultramarine Blue Copper Mining Company, owned, unwittingly, an asset as valuable as a copper mine. It meant more. It meant that the Mitcheltrees controlled the mine. It meant reparation.

He went back to Monroe. By hook and crook, he located the balance of the stock, and bought it up—also for a song—a borrowed song. Then he declared himself—to the railroads, to the world at large.

"Cement," he cried. "I have cement."

And all this in an age of cement; when railroads are building their bridges, their abutments of concrete; when concrete factories, houses, fences, subways, trolley-beds, bricks, and pavements have pushed iron and steel and stone vigorously to one side; when the whole construction-world cries out for cement—for cheap cement. Well, the Monroe Construction Company had cement; it had the ability to use it. The Monroe Construction Company bid on everything in sight, and got everything in sight, because it had bought cement for a song, and could afford to cut estimates right and left.

Tommy started in—to get rich.

And Col. Stubbs finally woke up. And he stormed up and down Monroe, pointing the finger of villification at the Construction Company.

"You see," he told his cronies, "they not only robbed the bank. They robbed me. That was my property, that Missouri hill-side. Just you look at that."

But Tommy didn't care. He was forging honor out of dishonor. He looked neither to the right nor to the left. He kept away from the home of Beatrix Alison. He heard, too, she had left town. He couldn't stop. In due time he would find her and woo her, but now—the honor of the Mitcheltrees was at stake.

"Can you bid on this," the agent of the P. R. R. would say, trembling, for Tommy was a good, cheap man, and they were afraid he was too busy.

"I'll bid on anything," Tommy would exclaim.

For to bid was to get. He was doing wonders. And he was employing all the unskilled labor in Monroe—the floating mass of homeless men. He set them to work. Concrete work needs only one good skilled man out of ten. The time came shortly when hundreds of families raised up their hands and blessed the Monroe Construction Company.

In the midst of it all Tommy called on his father one day—still at the prison-house—and laid down a check.

"Look at it," he commanded.

The old man did so, and gasped.

"That pays every debt of the bank," the cashier said slowly, gleefully. "It does more, it pays all the depositors—"

"It does more," said Tommy. "It buys the bank. We're going to get back to the old times. And the people are going to know and to believe. And we're going to have Cashier Mitcheltree back there once more."

"No, no," quavered his father, "it wouldn't do. Public confidence—"

Tommy pounded the table.

"If it takes every dollar the Monroe Construction Company has to run that bank," he said, "its cashier is going to be Cashier Mitcheltree."

He went back to his business. Within the next week Tomlins, a builder of Monroe, happened in to see him.

"Mitcheltree," he said, "I want you to buy a note. I got stuck on it. I bought it for \$500 and thought it was good—at the receiver's sale, you know. I'll sell it to you for \$50."

Tommy looked it over. He gasped.

"Why, this note is good," he said, "it must be good."

It was the note that went with the Ultramarine Blue Stock; the note of Stubbs for \$10,000.

Tommy turned it over. He knew what was on the back. He had seen it before. It was endorsed by Beatrix Alison.

"It ought to be good," he persisted. "I'll buy it from you anyhow."



"I came over to collect that note"

He paid Tomlins \$500 for it.

Then he set out to find the endorser of the note. He found her in East Monroe. She was teaching school. He located the school, waited for her outside, and caught her before she could escape. She smiled plaintively. She was still Beatrix Alison.

"My working clothes," she pleaded.

"But—but—" he spluttered. "I didn't know all this. And by the way," he added, in a business-like manner, "I—I came over to collect this note."

He laughed sympathetically.

"I know," she said, "I signed it. I didn't know I did, but I did. And it didn't make any difference so it seemed. I didn't have anything—left."

"You don't mean to say—" began Tommy.

"I mean to say," she answered, "that I wouldn't have cared anything about it; it wouldn't have made any difference to me, if it hadn't been for—Cashier Mitcheltree and—"

"For me," he said.

"I didn't say that," she responded.

He laughed again, for he knew now that all was well. He had come to know long since what the glance of Beatrix Alison meant, when it met his glance.

She told him all about it. Stubbs had been one gigantic swindler. She didn't know it; hadn't found it out until it was too late.

He had married her mother while out West. Her mother had been a woman with a million dollars. Col. Stubbs was not a business-man; was not a miner or a mining-engineer. He was an adventurer, fond of good living, fond of spending money. He was respectable—yes. That followed, for his lot was thrown with moneyed people of the better-class. Her mother had died, wisely leaving her fortune to Beatrix. But she had made one terrible mistake—she had made her husband the trustee of her child's fortune. He had used it up, genially, good-naturedly. Some of the money he had speculated with—he had the get-rich-quick bug in his brain, and had been duped quite as much as he had duped. His strong *forte* had been the borrowing of money. And—the end had come. And,

also—she had known nothing of it until it was all over.

"But—you wouldn't let me see you," Tommy reminded her.

"Of course not," she answered.

"I thought it was because I was down and out."

"Tommy," she said, "it was what I wanted you to think. What else could I do. What could I do? Marry you, after my—my household had robbed you? Can't you understand?"

"I've come back," returned Tommy, "to—to finish out that two-step that we sat out in your conservatory in Monroe." He took a strong hold upon himself. "Shall we invite people to bring presents, little girl," he said.

"Tommy," she said, snuggling up close to him, "the bank and your father seem to have been paying for my support for some years last past. I suppose—"

"Yes."

"I suppose you might as well keep on doing it, yourself."

There was a day in Monroe when the people fairly threw up their hats. It was the day that old Cashier Mitcheltree stepped back into his place and paid back dollar for dollar, with compound interest.

"Well, he made good, all right," protested one of Col. Stubbs' cronies to the colonel. "He paid it back. He's entitled to a pardon."

"Ah," said Col. Stubbs, gentleman adventurer, from his favorite corner in the Mansion House, "restitution. You don't understand the game. The old man got all the bank's money and all mine, and made the Monroe Construction Company rich—rich, you understand. It was a game—a game. And he'd never have paid it back if I hadn't put the screws on, let me tell you."

"What did you do, colonel?"

The colonel screwed up his eye. "You'll hear the story all right some day. Some day it'll all come out, don't fear."

But it didn't—at least, not as Col. Stubbs, bird of freedom, said it would.

"I was a man of millions," he still says, "millions. Look at me now. But what could I do? The Mitcheltrees were thieves."

By Grace of Julius Caesar

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

Author of "The Story of Hester," etc.

MELISSA sent over word Monday evening that she thought we'd better go around with the subscription-list for cushioning the church-pews on Tuesday. I sent back word I thought we'd better go on Thursday. I had no particular objection to Tuesday, but Melissa is rather fond of settling things without consulting anybody else and I don't believe in always letting her have her own way. Melissa is my cousin and we've always been good friends and I'm really very fond of her; but there's no sense in lying down and letting yourself be walked over. We finally compromised on Wednesday.

I always have a feeling of dread when I hear of any new church-project for which money will be needed, because I know perfectly well that Melissa and I will be sent around to collect for it. People say we seem to be able to get more than anybody else; and they appear to think that because Melissa is an unincumbered old maid and I am an unincumbered widow we can spare the time without any inconvenience to ourselves. Well, we have been canvassing for building-funds, and ice-cream socials and bean-suppers for years, but it is ended now; at least, I have had enough of it and I should think Melissa has, too.

We started out bright and early on Wednesday morning, for Jersey Cove is a big place and we knew we should need the whole day. We had to walk because neither of us owned a horse, and anyway it's more nuisance getting out to open and shut gates than it is worth while. It was a lovely day then, though promising to be hot, and our hearts were as light as could be expected, considering the disagreeable expedition we were on.

I was waiting at my gate for Melissa when she came, and she looked me over with wonder and disapproval. I could see she thought I was a fool to dress up in my second best flowered muslin and my

very best hat with the pale pink roses in it to walk around in the heat and dust; but I wasn't. All my experience in canvassing goes to show that the better dressed and better looking you are the more money you'll get—that is, when it's the men you have to tackle, as in this case. If it had been the women, however, I'd have put on the oldest and ugliest things, consistent with decency, I had. This was what Melissa had done, as it was, and she did look fearfully prim and dowdy, except for her front hair, which was as soft and fluffy and elaborate as usual. I never could understand how Melissa always got it arranged so beautifully.

Nothing particular happened the first part of the day. Some few growled and wouldn't subscribe anything, but on the whole we did pretty well. If it had been a missionary-subscription we would have fared worse; but when it was something touching their own comfort, like cushioning the pews, they shelled out real liberal. We made Daniel Wilson's by noon and had to have dinner there. We didn't eat much, although we were hungry enough: Mary Wilson's cooking is a byword in Jersey Cove. No wonder Daniel is dyspeptic; but dyspeptic or not, he gave us a handsome subscription for our cushions and told us we looked younger than ever. Daniel is always very complimentary and they say Mary is jealous.

When we left the Wilson's Melissa said, with the air of a woman nerving herself to a disagreeable duty:

"I suppose we might as well go to Isaac Appleby's now and get it over with."

I agreed with her. I had been dreading that call all day. It isn't a very pleasant thing to go to a man you've recently refused to marry and ask him for money; and Melissa and I were both in that predicament.

Isaac was a well-to-do old bachelor

who had never had any notion of getting married until his sister had died in the winter. And then he started out to get him a wife as soon as the Spring planting was over. He came to me first and I said "No" good and hard. I liked Isaac well enough; but I was snug and comfortable and didn't feel like pulling up my roots and moving over into another lot; besides, Isaac's courting seemed to me a shade too business-like. I can't get along without a little romance; it's my nature.

Isaac was disappointed and said so, but intimated that it wasn't crushing and that the next best would do very well. The next best was Melissa, and he proposed to her after the decent interval of a fortnight. Melissa also refused him. I admit I was surprised at this, for I knew Melissa was rather anxious to marry; but she has always been down on Isaac Appleby, from principle, because of a family feud on her mother's side; besides, an old beau of hers, a widower over at Kingsbridge, was just beginning to sit up and take notice again, and I suspected Melissa had hopes concerning him; finally, I imagine Melissa didn't fancy being second choice.

Anyway, whatever her reasons were, she turned poor Isaac down, and that finished his matrimonial prospects as far as Jersey Cove was concerned, for there wasn't another eligible woman in it—that is, for a man of Isaac's age. I was the only widow, and the other old maids besides Melissa were all hopelessly old maiden.

This was all three months ago, and Isaac had been keeping house for himself ever since. Nobody knew much about how he got along, for the Appleby place is half a mile from anywhere, away down near the shore at the end of a long lane—the loneliest place, as I didn't fail to remember when I was considering Isaac's offer.

"I heard Jarvis Aldrich say Isaac had got a dog lately," said Melissa, when we finally came in sight of the house—a handsome new one, by the way, put up only ten years ago. "Jarvis said it was an imported breed. I do hope it isn't cross."

I have a mortal horror of dogs, and I followed Melissa into the big farmyard

with fear and trembling. We were half way across the yard when Melissa shrieked,

"Anne, there's the dog!"

There was the dog; and the trouble was that he didn't stay there but came right down the slope at a steady, business-like trot. He was a bull-dog and big enough to bite a body clean in two, and he was the ugliest thing in the dog line I had ever seen.

Melissa and I both lost our heads. We screamed, dropped our parasols, and ran instinctively to the only refuge that was in sight—a ladder leaning against the old Appleby house. I am forty-five and something more than plump, so that climbing ladders is not my favorite form of exercise. But I went up that one with the agility and grace of sixteen. Melissa followed me, and we found ourselves there on that roof—fortunately it was a flat one—panting and gasping but safe, unless indeed that diabolical dog could climb a ladder.

I crept cautiously to the edge and peered over. The beast was sitting on his haunches at the foot of the ladder, and it was quite evident he was not short on time. The gleam in his eye seemed to say,

"I've got you two unprincipled subscription-hunters beautifully treed and it's treed you're going to stay. That is what I call satisfying."

I reported the state of the case to Melissa.

"What shall we do?" I asked.

"Do?" said Melissa snappishly. "Why, stay here till Isaac Appleby comes out and takes that brute away? What else can we do?"

"What if he isn't home?" I suggested.

"We'll stay here till he comes home. Oh, this is a nice predicament. This is what comes of cushioning churches!"

"It might be worse," I said comfortingly. "Suppose the roof hadn't been flat?"

"Call Isaac," said Melissa shortly.

I didn't fancy calling Isaac, but call him I did, and when that failed to bring him Melissa condescended to call, too; but scream as we might, no Isaac appeared, and that dog sat there and smiled internally.

"It's no use," said Melissa sulkily at last. "Isaac Appleby is dead or away."

Half an hour passed; it seemed as long as a day. The sun just boiled down on that roof and we were nearly melted. We got dreadfully thirsty and the heat made our heads ache and I could see my muslin dress fading out before my very eyes. As for the roses on my best hat—but that was too harrowing to think about.

Then we saw a welcome sight—Isaac Appleby coming through the yard with a hoe over his shoulder. He had probably been working in his back field. I never thought I should have been so glad to see him.

"Isaac, oh Isaac!" I called joyfully, leaning over as far as I dared.

Isaac looked up in amazement at me and Melissa craning our necks over the edge of the roof. Then he saw the dog and took in the situation. The creature actually grinned.

"Wont you call off your dog and let us get down, Isaac?" I said pleadingly.

Isaac stood and reflected a moment or two. Then he came slowly forward and, before we realized what he was going to do, he took that ladder down and laid it on the ground.

"Isaac Appleby, what do you mean?" demanded Melissa wrathfully.

Isaac folded his arms and looked up. It would be hard to say which face was the more determined, his or the dog's. But Isaac had the advantage in point of looks, I will say that for him.

"I mean that you two women will stay up on that roof until one of you agrees to marry me," said Isaac solemnly.

I gasped.

"Isaac Appleby, you can't be in earnest?" I cried incredulously. "You couldn't be so mean?"

"I am in earnest. I want a wife and I am going to have one. You two will stay up there, and Julius Caesar here will watch you until one of you makes up her mind to take me. You can settle it between yourselves and let me know when you have come to a decision."

And with that Isaac walked jauntily into his new house.

"The man can't mean it!" said Melissa. "He is only trying to play a joke on us."

"He does mean it," I said gloomily. "An Appleby never says anything he doesn't mean. He will keep us here until one of us consents to marry him."

"It wont be me, then," said Melissa in a calm sort of rage. "I wont marry him if I have to sit on this roof for the rest of my life. You can take him. It's really you he wants, anyway; he asked you first."

I always knew that rankled with Melissa.

I thought the situation over before I said anything more. We certainly couldn't get off that roof, and if we could, there was Julius Caesar. The place was out of sight of every other house in Jersey Cove, and nobody might come near it for a week. To be sure, when Melissa and I didn't turn up the Covites might get out and search for us; but that wouldn't be for two or three days anyhow.

Melissa had turned her back on me and was sitting with her elbows propped up on her knees, looking gloomily out to sea. I was afraid I couldn't coax her into marrying Isaac. As for me, I hadn't any real objection to marrying him, after all, for if he was short on romance he is good-natured and has a fat bank account; but I hated to be driven into it that way.

"You'd better take him, Melissa," I said entreatingly. "I've had one husband and that is enough."

"More than enough for me, thank you," said Melissa sarcastically.

"Isaac is a fine man and has a lovely house; and you aren't sure the Kingsbridge man really means anything," I went on.

"I would rather," said Melissa, with the same awful calmness, "jump from this roof and break my neck or be devoured piecemeal by that fiend down there than marry Isaac Appleby."

It didn't seem worth while to say anything more after that. We sat there in stony silence and the time dragged by. I was hot, hungry, thirsty, cross; and besides, I felt that I was in a ridiculous position, which was worse than all the rest. We could see Isaac sitting in the shade of one of his apple trees in the front orchard comfortably reading a newspaper. I think if he hadn't aggravated me by do-

ing that I'd have given in sooner. But as it was, I was determined to be as stubborn as everybody else. We were four obstinate creatures—Isaac and Melissa and Julius Caesar and I.

At four o'clock Isaac got up and went into the house; in a few minutes he came out again with a basket in one hand and a ball of cord in the other.

"I don't intend to starve you, of course, ladies," he said politely. "I will throw this ball up to you and you can then draw up the basket."

I caught the ball, for Melissa never turned her head. I would have preferred to be scornful, too, and reject the food altogether; but I was so dreadfully thirsty that I put my pride in my pocket and hauled the basket up. Besides, I thought it might enable us to hold out until some loophole of escape presented itself.

Isaac went back into the house and I unpacked the basket. There was a bottle of milk, some bread and butter, and a pie. Melissa wouldn't take a morsel of the food, but she was so thirsty she had to take a drink of milk.

She tried to lift her veil—and something caught; Melissa gave it a savage twitch, and off came veil and hat—and all her front hair!

You never saw such a sight. I'd always suspected Melissa wore a false front, but I'd never had any proof before.

Melissa pinned on her hair again and put on her hat and drank the milk, all without a word; but she was purple. I felt sorry for her.

And I felt sorry for Isaac when I tried to eat that bread. It was sour and dreadful. As for the pie, it was hopeless. I tasted it, and then threw it down to Julius Caesar. Julius Caesar, not being over particular, ate it up. I thought perhaps it would kill him, for anything might come of eating such a concoction. That pie was a strong argument for Isaac. I thought a man who had to live on such cookery did indeed need a wife and might be pardoned for taking desperate measures to

get one. I was dreadfully tired of broiling on the roof anyhow.

But it was the thunderstorm that decided me. When I saw it coming up, black and quick, from the north-west, I gave in at once. I had endured a good deal and was prepared to endure more; but I had paid ten dollars for my hat and I was not going to have it ruined by a thunderstorm. I called to Isaac and out he came.

"If you will let us down and promise to dispose of that dog before I come here I will marry you, Isaac," I said, "but I'll make you sorry for it afterwards, though."

"I'll take the risk of that, Anne," he said. "And, of course, I'll sell the dog. I won't need him when I have you."

Isaac meant to be complimentary, though you mightn't have thought so if you had seen that dog.

Isaac ordered Julius Caesar away and put up the ladder and turned his back, real considerably, while we climbed down. We had to go in his house and stay till the shower was over. I didn't forget the object of our call and I produced our subscription list at once.

"How much have you got?" asked Isaac.

"Seventy dollars and we want a hundred and fifty," I said.

"You may put me down for the remaining eighty, then," said Isaac calmly.

The Applebys are never mean where money is concerned, I must say.

Isaac offered to drive us home when it cleared up but I said "No." I wanted to settle Melissa before she got a chance to talk.

On the way home I said to her:

"I hope you won't mention this to anyone, Melissa. I don't mind marrying Isaac, but I don't want people to know how it came about."

"Oh, I won't say anything about it," said Melissa, laughing a little disagreeably.

"Because," I said, to clinch the matter, looking significantly at her front hair as I said it, "I have something to tell, too."

Melissa will hold her tongue.

The Undercurrent

BY J. J. BELL

Author of "The Thousandth Whale," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. N. E. MARCHAND

THE second mate of the *Thorgrim* had a grievance, and he was a born nurser of grievances, who had nourished many in his time. He gave most of his consideration to the present grievance as the whaler neared the mouth of Isafjord on her way from the *hval*-station to the outskirts of the Greenland ice where the *rorqual*s were then being hunted. Apparently he was devoting his whole attention to his duties as steersman. He kept his gaze immovably ahead, yet it is probable that he saw nothing—neither the great brown bluff headland guarding the entrance to the *fjord* on the left, nor the range of mountains on the right, their ragged ridges white with eternal snows, nor even the dark water of the wide channel and the gray sky above it.

So absorbed, indeed, was he that he started violently when old Captain Svendsen, who was sitting behind him in a corner of the steering-box, stretched out his hand and pulled the cord communicating with the fog-horn.

A whaler had appeared round the brown headland, and Captain Svendsen, who for the past half hour had been regarding the curious olive-green horizon ahead, desired some information of her skipper. The approaching whaler blew a white cloud and piped a reply. She was bound for the Langore station, not far off, and she towed a *blaahval* as long as herself and swollen above the surface of the sea like the half of an immense Rugby football.

"I would speak with Captain Clausen," said Svendsen, and the second mate altered the *Thorgrim's* course accordingly.

Ere the two whalers were abreast of each other Svendsen bawled his congratulations. Such a grand "blue" whale had not been taken that season by any of the neighboring companies. Clausen shouted his thanks, adding that the capture had

been made easily and speedily. "Sixty fathoms he ran out, and then he died."

"Bad weather, I see," said the old man, nodding his head seaward.

"Left a gale behind us, *kaptan*," replied the other. "No use going out to-day."

"I feared it."

He waved his hand, and the whalers parted.

Svendsen turned to the steersman.

"Adelvik," he said shortly.

Something like animation dawned on the sullen face; something like eagerness awoke in the dull eyes of Einar Ovesen, second mate. But it was not a youthful animation, nor was it a pleasant eagerness to see on the countenance of a man of little over thirty.

"Adelvik, *kaptan*," he repeated, and turned the bow of the *Thorgrim* in an easterly direction.

Adelvik is a little bay not far from the mouth of Isafjord. It is a safe shelter from many winds and a good anchorage. There go whalers when the weather discourages a seaward trip, and when a return to the station would merely mean waste of time and coal; there they lie until their impatient captains decide to risk the run to the ice, and give the orders that send them wallowing and staggering across the Arctic Circle.

A couple of hours after the meeting with the Langore steamer the *Thorgrim*, with wet decks and a salted funnel, slid smoothly into the bay, and presently came to anchor.

Adelvik is bounded east and west by great walls of rock, bare and precipitous, and landward by a strip of stony shore. Beyond the shore the ascent is rapid towards the frowning mountains, which, however, are deeply cleft by a narrow glen—the most vividly green patch, perhaps, on the north coast of Iceland. A few huts, the wooden upper stories more

or less gayly painted, are visible from the water.

By the time the *Thorgrim* rode safely at anchor it was noon; and on board the *Thorgrim* noon meant dinner. Einar Ovesen was reminded of that fact by Hansen the cook going aft with a great vessel of sweet soup, from which escaped the fragrance of fruit stewed in sugar. Einar was engaged in watching a Danish schooner, anchored some fifty fathoms to starboard. He watched expectantly, and smiled when a man appeared at the schooner's rail, waved his hands, held up eight fingers, and pointed shorewards. Einar returned the signals and betook himself to the cabin. Perhaps he was not aware that he was licking his lips.

Captain Svendsen and his first mate, Sigurd, were already enjoying the soup consisting of raisins, prunes, currants, and small slices of dried apple in syrup. The fact that they ate sweet soup three days a week had apparently no effect on their appetites. They glanced towards Einar and nodded pleasantly enough as he took his seat. Einar scowled and helped himself to a small supply of soup.

"We shall get out to-morrow," observed Captain Svendsen cheerfully. "It is too early for a long gale."

Captain Svendsen was a hopeful man and hard to depress.

"There is no doubt about that," said Sigurd with a kindly laugh. He picked the stem of a currant from his strong white teeth.

Hansen entered with a steaming dish of lobsouse—salt meat and potatoes boiled and mashed together. He laid it on the table, but did not remove the soup, to which the captain and mate were wont to return after the meat course.

"Einar, you do not eat," remarked the old man. "You should have hunger after two months at the whaling."

"I eat as I wish," retorted Einar sulkily.

"So!" said Captain Svendsen quietly, resuming his conversation with Sigurd.

When the meal was over Sigurd set his pipe going, took a fishing line from his locker, and went on deck. It was customary to fish while storm-bound in Adelvik; already the majority of the

crew was busy, and numerous haddock and cod, the firmest, whitest, and sweetest in the world, were lying on the deck.

Sigurd with his knife scraped the flat leaden sinker, to which were rigidly attached the two stout hooks, until it shone brilliantly. He took his stand by the rail, and let his line run to the bottom. Raising it three or four feet he gripped it firmly and began jerking it over the rail toward him and letting it slip back. At the fourth jerk it quivered violently, and he drew on board a fine two-pounder. From which it is evident that the simplicity of the method of line-fishing in Icelandic waters can only be equalled by the simplicity of the fish there.

Hour after hour the sport—or rather, the business—went on, the men mechanically sawing the air, water, and rail with their lines, and bringing fish, hooked by head, body, or tail, on board at frequent intervals. At four o'clock Sigurd descended to the cabin for coffee.

The old man was sitting at the table with cards in his hands and before him, engrossed in his solitary game of "Patience." Opposite to him lounged Einar, sullen as ever, staring idly at the skylight, and occasionally sipping *cau sucré* from a thick tumbler. The coffee was partaken of in silence, and when he had emptied his mug the first mate went again on deck.

Five minutes after he had gone the second mate spoke.

"Kaptan!"

"Well, what is it, Einar?" asked Captain Svendsen, a trifle irritably. The old man did not like to be disturbed at his favorite pastime.

"I ask leave to go on shore this evening," said Einar, with a furtive glance across the table.

Svendsen laid down a couple of cards and stared at them thoughtfully. Several times during the present season the *Thorgrim* had been forced to anchor in Adelvik. On each occasion Einar had received permission to go ashore. On each occasion he had returned—after the time stipulated—in a condition which, if it were not that of actual drunkenness, very closely approached the same. The old man had been quite at a loss to un-

derstand how the young one had contrived to arrive at that condition. Drink was forbidden on the *Thorgrim*, and it was scarcely likely it could be procured at any of the few huts on the shore, the inhabitants of which did not taste alcoholic liquids twice in the year, and rarely possessed any store of their own. Svendsen thought of the Danish trader, but remembered that she had not been in Adelvik since the beginning of the season. Other whalers that had been in the bay along with the *Thorgrim* occurred to him, but he dismissed the suggestion almost at once. And Einar had sworn, when he was given the berth of second mate, that he would bring no liquor on board at any time. The old man was sorely puzzled, but he made up his mind as to his duty.

He laid down a third card, and, regarding it attentively, said quietly:

"I cannot give you leave, Einar."

Einar changed his position. "You will not be sailing before to-morrow, *kaptan*," he said, still staring at the skylight. "There is nothing for me to do on board."

The old man set a card straight.

"I cannot give you leave, Einar. Have you written to your father lately? There is a mail from Isafjord a week hence, and we shall have returned by then."

"Then you refuse me leave, *kaptan*?"

"I have said it."

Suddenly Captain Svendsen, as if with an effort, raised his shaggy, grizzled head, and fixed his keen gray eyes on the young man's face.

"Listen, Einar Ovesen," he said gently. "Your father, my oldest and dearest friend, gave you into my charge. Your father loves you, though you have not been a good son to him in the past—in the past, Einar—mark that!—I speak only of the past. I am not reproaching you now. You have always been clever; you can do well, if you like; you can please your father and make him proud. It is not for me to tell you how. You know it. I gave you a chance because your father asked me. I would not have done it for your sake then—but I am waiting, Einar, to be able to do something for your sake. You have but to give me opportunity."

Einar shifted his position impatiently. Had the old man turned Lutheran priest?

"Have I not done my work?" he muttered.

"I have not complained. I have sometimes wanted you to take more interest in things, for it is the interest that makes work happy; but I do not complain. And if you do not care for whaling, when the end of the season comes, I will help your father to get you another berth. Meantime, I am your *kaptan*, Einar."

Without replying Einar rose and left the cabin.

Supper was taken at seven o'clock, and thereafter the old man turned in for a four hours spell. He had seen a satisfactory change coming over the weather, and he hoped to get the *Thorgrim* to business in the early morning.

About midnight he went on deck.

"Sigurd," he said to the mate, "we will start at four. Do you turn in now; but first send Einar to me."

"Einar, *kaptan*? Einar is on shore. He left the ship at eight o'clock. Have you forgotten, *kaptan*?"

"So!" said the old man, looking away. "Ja; I have forgotten. I—I slept heavily. Get out the other boat, Sigurd. I will go ashore for him; he must not delay our start. I will take Hans with me. Tell him."

"Let me go, *kaptan*. Or, maybe a blast of the siren will be enough."

"You will take charge till I return," said Captain Svendsen quietly, but finally.

"You understand, Sigurd," said Captain Svendsen when the boat was ready, "that the young man was given into my charge by his father. Therefore, I must try to see that he comes to no harm. Did he take his gun with him?"

"I did not notice, *kaptan*. But when he went ashore, another boat went ashore from the trader. I think Einar has a friend on the trader."

"So!" muttered Svendsen, and dropped easily from the low deck of the *Thorgrim* into the boat.

On reaching the beach, where the *Thorgrim's* other boat already lay, the old man bade Hans remain where he was



Svendsen bawled his congratulations

and stepped ashore. The northern horizon was aglow with the rising sun which had set less than an hour before in almost the same position.

In front of the nearest hut an Icelander was shaving the lumpy grass with a tiny scythe. There would be plenty of time for sleep in the long winter, and in old Isafold it is well to make hay while the sun shines. As Svendsen approached him the Icelander paused in his work, and took snuff from a horn flask. Each raised his cap to the other.

Yes. The Icelander had seen two men come ashore in two boats some hours before sunset. They had met on the beach

and gone up the green glen—he could not say how far; but it could not have been a great distance, for ere long one had returned to his boat and rowed to his ship—the Danish trader.

Captain Svendsen thanked the man, and went off in the direction indicated.

On a grassy space, hidden from the rough track by great boulders Einar Ovesen lay asleep. His heavy breathing in the dead stillness of Nature had reached the old man's ears, otherwise he might have remained concealed forever.

"So!" whispered Captain Svendsen, and the note of the whisper was very bitter.

An empty bottle lay on the grass near the sleeper; two bottles, unopened, lay in a cavity under a rock close by, and a flat stone like a lid was beside them. This, then, was Einar's secret store at Adelvik, supplied doubtless for a consideration, by his friend the Dane.

Brandy of the vilest quality it was, containing little but a spirit of madness; Svendsen knew the gaudy labels on the bottles. Then he stepped to the cavity, picked up the bottles, and smashed them on the rocks.

Einar awoke. First surprise and wonder in his filmy eyes; then a very devil.

"You swine!" cried Svendsen. "If it were not for your father, I would leave you here to rot. Get up and come with me."

"Spy!" muttered Einar, rising slowly. Somehow the neck of the empty bottle had got into his hand. The old man was totally unarmed.

"Throw that bottle against the rock," said Svendsen calmly.

Einar hesitated, then obeyed.

"Come!"

Einar lurched forward, pulled himself together, and walked fairly steadily towards the shore a few paces in front of the captain.

They came to a streamlet.

"Bathe your face," said Svendsen.

"So!" he murmured when the young man rose from his knees. "Let us go on."

As they drew near the boat the old man said hurriedly:

"Einar Ovesen, this matter is between you and me. For your father's sake, I will not betray you. I will shield you. I will give you one more chance. When we get on board, you will turn in at once. You understand?"

Stepping into the boat after the young man, Captain Svendsen remarked to Hans:

"Einar had an accident among the rocks. I found him unconscious. Give me an oar."

And so they went back to the *Thorgrim*.

Sigurd was the only one on deck. Before the boat reached the steamer's side Svendsen called to him.

"Sigurd, go see if Hansen has left any

coffee in the galley. If not, make me a cup, like a good fellow."

"Right, *kaptan*."

They clambered to the deserted deck.

"Go to my bunk, quickly," whispered the old man to Einar. The captain had a tiny stateroom. "I will bring you coffee. But go quickly."

The half-dazed man obeyed, and the other gave a little sigh of relief.

Sigurd appeared with a steaming mug.

"*Tak*," said Svendsen. "Call the men to get up anchor, Sigurd. I will return soon. It is Einar's watch, but Einar had an accident among the rocks, and I found him unconscious."

He repeated the words rather too carefully.

"*Ja, kaptan*," said the mate, rather too carelessly.

Svendsen looked at him keenly.

"You know, Sigurd?"

"I know, *kaptan*."

A moment's pause. Then:

"I am your *kaptan*, Sigurd."

"Always, *kaptan*."

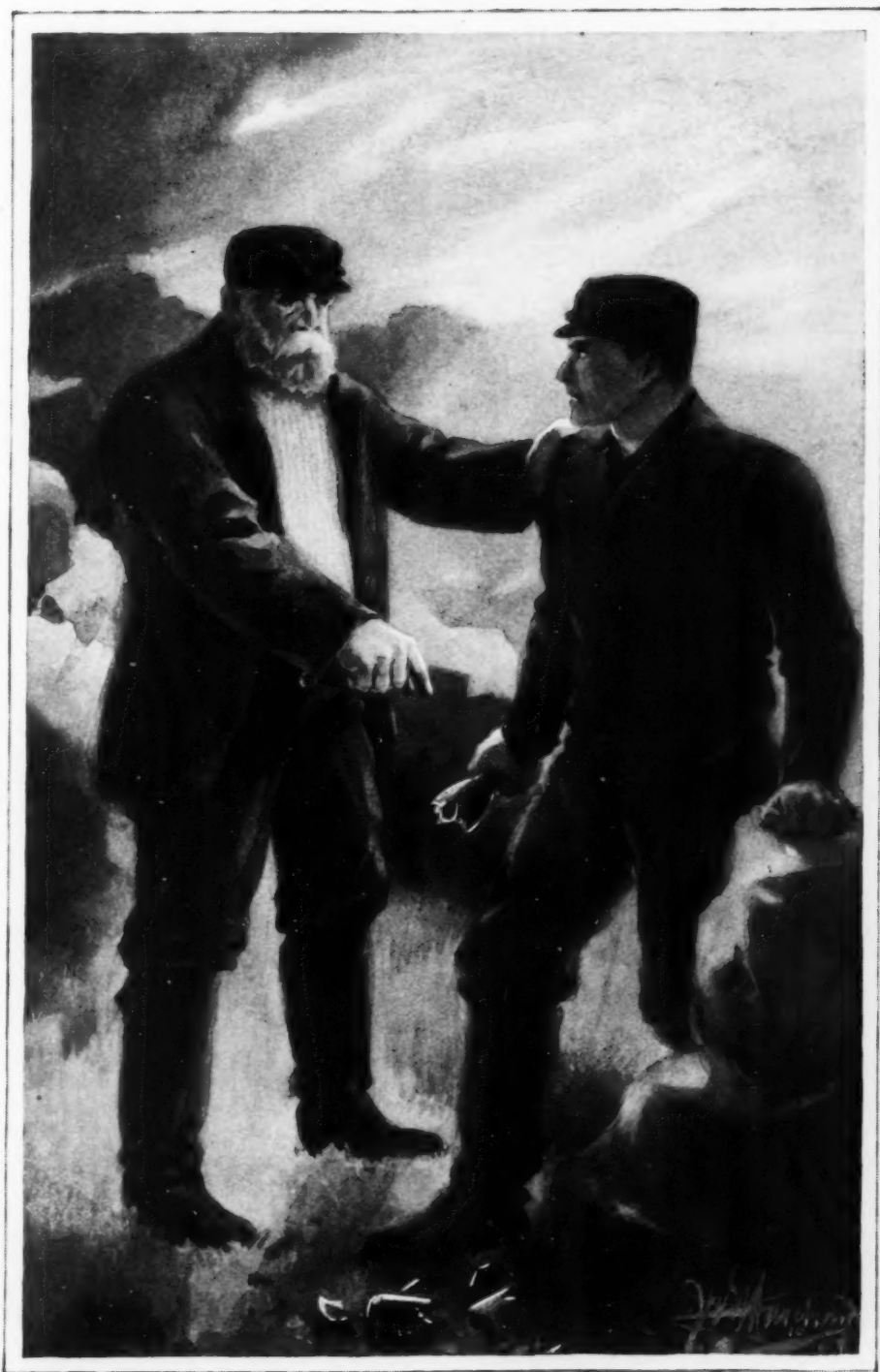
So they understood each other.

It was the evening of the next day, and the *Thorgrim* had been fast to a fair-sized "blue" for upwards of four hours. The harpoon had been well enough placed, but its bomb-point had somehow failed to explode.

The gun had been reloaded, and Captain Svendsen was now standing by it, waiting for an opportunity to fire a second harpoon and so put an end to the struggle. The steam-winch was grinding away, the cable was winding slowly on board, and the *Thorgrim* was gradually coming up with the whale, which had been swimming at or near the surface for some time, towing the steamer after him.

Suddenly, at an order from the captain to the steersman, who sang part of it down the tube to the engineer, the *Thorgrim* spurted ahead, and ran parallel with the "blue," and four or five fathoms from him.

Captain Svendsen slewed the cannon to the left, took a brief aim, and pulled the trigger. But without the expected result. With a roar of wrath he swung the weapon from him.



"Throw that bottle against the rock!"

"Sigurd!"

"*Kaptan!*" came the mate's voice from the steering-box.

"Half-speed! The gun is broken. It will not fire. Come you here."

Leaving Einar in charge of the wheel, Sigurd hurried forward to the bow-platform. Along with the captain he examined the gun carefully. Presently he shook his head.

"I think it is the trigger, *kaptan*. We can do nothing with it till we get to the station."

Svendsen pointed in the direction of the whale, which was once more swimming ahead of the *Thorgrim*.

"He will not die," he said irritably. "He might live for days."

"But he becomes exhausted, *kaptan*."

"Ay; and then he finds his strength again. But I will not give him up; I will not let him go. I will lance him, Sigurd. Where are the long lances? I have not required to lance a whale for many years—I know not how many. Find the lances, Sigurd, and send the men to me."

Presently his six sailors stood before him.

"I am going to lance yonder *blaahval*," said the old man. "It is, perhaps, a little risky. I will take the larger boat and three men. Which of you will come?"

The six, with one accord, declared their readiness.

"Then I must choose. I take you, Hans, and you, Fred, and—"

The second mate, having begged Sigurd to take the wheel for a moment, came running forward.

"Well, Einar, what is it?" said Svendsen coldly.

Einar came close to the captain, his face working.

"Take me, *kaptan*," he whispered.

"So?" said Svendsen, inquiringly.

"A chance, *kaptan*. You said you would give me another chance."

The old man's keen eyes softened.

"For—my father's sake, *kaptan*."

Svendsen cleared his throat, and turned to the men.

"Hans and Fred, lower the boat. You, Einar, will steer."

The boat moved cautiously and silently

over the smooth swell, under the clear sky. Pans of rotting ice gleamed exquisitely here and there; in the distance, under a white haze lay the sheet ice, and nearer, a small berg or two broke the monotony of the gray-blue space.

The whale had gone under, but his position could be judged not inaccurately from the cable stretching tautly from the *Thorgrim's* bow to meet the water at a small angle. The "blue" was now making slow progress, for the screw of the *Thorgrim* had been reversed and was acting against the mighty flukes.

When the "blue" broke the surface at last, he paused—it may have been in suspicion. An instant later, the boat's bow bumped ever so lightly against his slaty hide, and Svendsen's great hands and arms rammed the long lance through blubber and flesh.

For a quick breath it seemed as if the "blue" were paralyzed; then he slashed air and water with his awful tail.

Captain Svendsen's "little risk" had at once become great danger. His boat was in fragments, and he and his men were in the water.

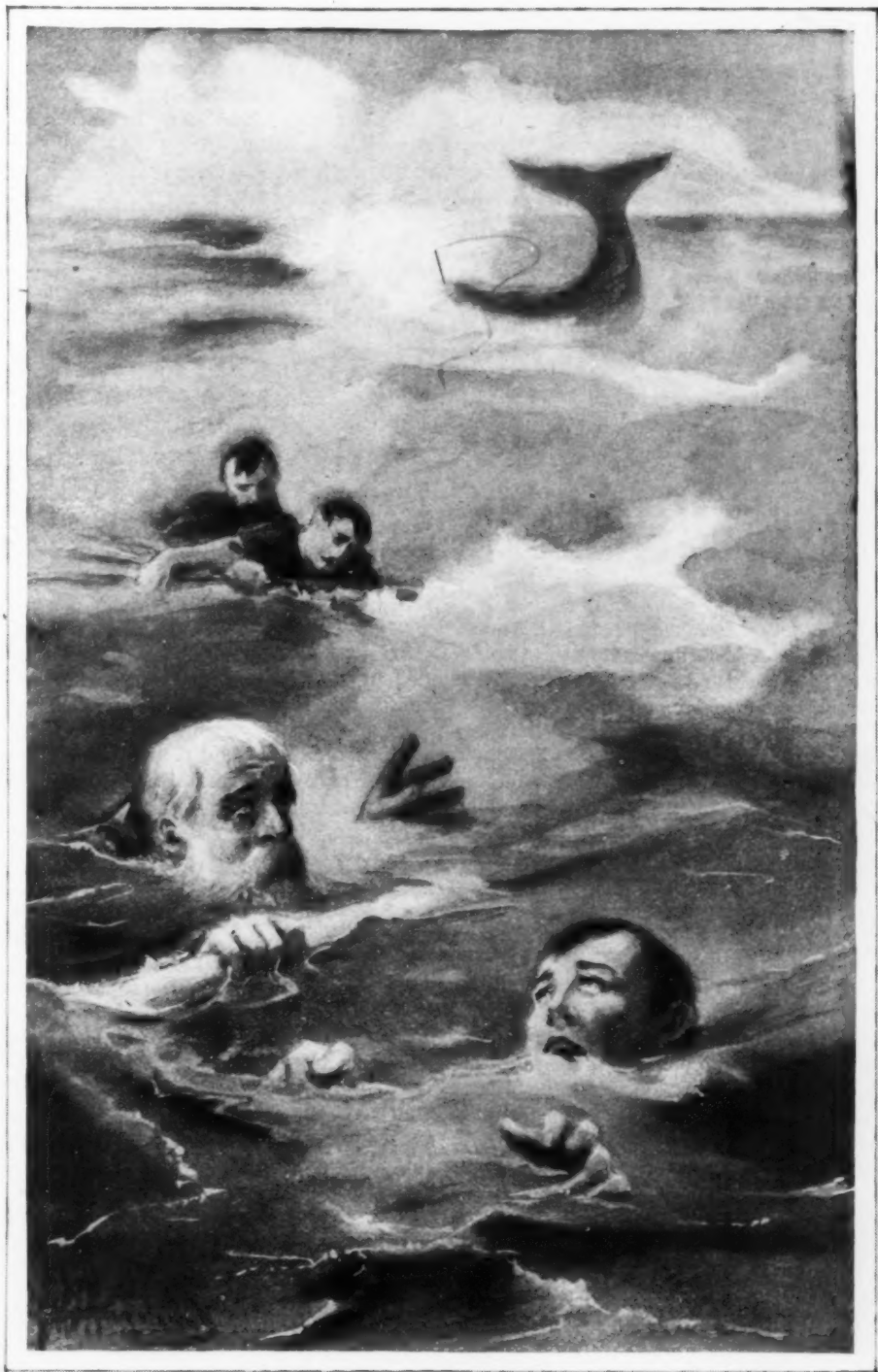
On board the *Thorgrim* there was a rush to lower the second boat, while Sigurd, with a hatchet, leaped on the platform and hacked at the hemp, for now the whale, slowly but surely, was towing the *Thorgrim* from the scene of the disaster. The three inch cable snapped with a loud report and flashed, a yellow streak, out of sight.

Then Sigurd ran back to the wheel—and steered the *Thorgrim* towards the victims. The four men had been thrown in two directions by the blow. With the help of a couple of oars Hans, his face bloody, was supporting Fred who was afterwards found to have an arm and three ribs broken.

Fifty yards farther away Einar held on to the steering-oar, and near him Captain Svendsen struggled in the direction of the *Thorgrim*, now rapidly approaching. But the old man's heavy boots and clothing were beating him, bearing him down. He gasped painfully.

"*Kaptan*," spluttered Einar, "take the oar."

"No, Einar. Your father—"



Captain Svendsen and his men were in the water

"I can swim," replied Einar, and pushed the oar towards the old man.

"Einar—" He caught the oar.

"I can swim— Ah, *kaptan!*" sighed Einar, and straightway sank.

Captain Svendsen took his hands from his worn face, and looked across the cabin-table at his mate. The *Thorgrim* was making for the station.

"Why," he asked, piteously, "did he say he could swim, Sigurd?"

"I think," said the mate slowly, "it was because—because you were his *kaptan*."

"And—and because of his father, perhaps?"

"It may be so, *kaptan*. Who knows?"

Svendsen sighed.

"His father's heart will be very sore, Sigurd."

"And, I think, very proud," said the mate gently.

Their long search for Einar had proved vain.

An undercurrent, perhaps. There is always the undercurrent to be reckoned with in the sea which is deep—in man's nature which is deeper still.

An Act of Providence

BY AUSTIN PHILIPS

AT the great house beyond the town the Prime Minister lay at death's door: in the Murcester telegraph-gallery we sat, we dozen telegraphists, waiting for the news that should bid us tell the world how a stormy soul had passed where courts and kings and cabinets are not. And, as, between midnight and slow dawn, we waited, weary-eyed and idle, the heavy tempest-drops hammered hard upon the glass roof of the gallery: frequent lightning forked and clouds at war clashed together, thunderously.

A blue flame sparkled in the periscope of a double-current sounder; the needles of the instruments on the sub-office circuit swung in sudden unison, so that they stood a-row like compasses and pointed, each one of them at the self-same angle, no longer northwards but north-west by north. And then the lights died swiftly out, leaving us in darkness and dismay.

Old Shayler, gray-bearded and gray-mustached, the *doyen* of us all, jumped away from the instruments and pulled his chair into the open space in the middle of the gallery.

"Come away, boys!" he shouted. "Come away from the sounders. I'm not taking any risks!"

There came a rush and scrape of chairs

across the wood-block floor; the old man had done what we were too cowardly to do: in a second or two we sat, ringed round him, huddling close and fearful. The storm had raged since eight o'clock; for four hours we had terrified ourselves with tales of crime and horror.

"What a night!" gasped Wollen of the race-staff. "I've never known such a night before—not in twenty years' service!"

Then once more the lightning forked across the hall, reflected in the glass roof above, footing, as it seemed, some *danse macabre* upon the gallery-floor. The needles of the instruments at the sub-office circuit almost seemed to pirouette before they swung back again to their fixed position: long after the flash had passed the periscopes belatedly gleamed: the heavy sounders moved, as if driven by some strange force to babble in a code unknown to man of the mysterious power which set the elements at strife.

I drew my chair an inch closer to the man on my right: on my left hand I felt Beechcroft shudder and do the like. He was a poor creature at the best of times: to-night he was almost beside himself with fear.

"I knew just such another night," said old Shayler, presently. "The night that

Jacky Soames was killed at Bromyard and the office ransacked. But it wasn't lightning that killed him. Lightning seldom hurts people indoors, they say. It was a man that killed Jacky Soames—I!"

The chairs moved again, a full dozen of them, till we sat, huddled closer than ever, cold and fearful for all the night's midsummer-heat.

"Tell us about it, Shayler!" I cried. "Tell us what happened. Did they ever catch the murderer?"

And three or four voices echoed what I asked; for, indeed, it seemed better to hear of man's work than Nature's that night. One or two indeed cried "No!" but they were in the minority, and, sitting there in the middle of us, old Shayler began. And as the thunder, clamorous and insistent, growled above us, louder and more near, I felt Beechcroft shudder beside me and his fingers, unconsciously, met on my wrist and stayed there. But I let the poor devil keep his grip, for I could hear his teeth chatter and his breath come and go in the darkness.

Then old Shayler cleared his throat and began.

"It was fifteen years ago, to this very night, and Jacky was sent in charge of the Bromyard office. It was a small enough place in those days and a one man show. But Jacky was nearly off his head with joy. He had just got a girl and it seemed like promotion coming and he went about the place singing and whistling till it wasn't big enough to hold him. I remember seeing him off from Murcester station after having a drink with him at the Old Dun Cow. It was the post-office house then, just as it is to-day!"

"Was that the last you saw of him?" interrupted little Teddy Saunders—he was only a boy and couldn't let the old man tell the tale in his own way. "I mean, did he die—was he murdered the same night?"

Old Shayler frowned and sat silent and seemed to dry up.

"Go on!" said some one sharply. "Go on, and, Teddy, if you interrupt again, I'll put you in contact with the wires!"

The old man, somewhat appeased, cleared his throat again.

"It was the last I saw of him," he said

slowly. "But it wasn't the last I heard of him. I was on night-duty and at about half-past eleven we had a chat over the wires. He told me how lonely he was in that house all by himself and how he couldn't sleep for the sense of responsibility, and I joked him a bit to cheer him up and told him to go to bed. But he said he couldn't sleep and that he would sit up in the office all night. And then, as there was nothing doing here, I began to sleep."

Old Shayler paused.

"Has anybody got a cigaret?" he asked. "Telling it makes it all come back again and I shall talk easier if I smoke!"

Someone leaned across and fumbled for the old man's hand and thrust a cigaret into his groping fingers. He lighted it—and at every puff I could see the white faces round me and I felt that my own was whiter than them all. But no one spoke.

"About midnight," went on the old man, "I woke up with a start, in a cold shiver. Something was happening to Jacky—I didn't know what—I only knew that he was in danger and it seemed as if I had been dreaming, and though I couldn't remember my dream I had waked up to find it was true.

"Then the Bromyard needle began to click, and though the sending was jumpy and uneven I knew it for Jacky Soames—I should have known his touch on the keys anywhere."

"What did it say?" cried Teddy Saunders, almost beside himself. "What did it say?"

And this time no one chided him for an interruption which seemed to come from us all, even though it was only Teddy that spoke. Even old Shayler showed no annoyance, for he knew Teddy couldn't help but speak.

"It said," he answered slowly, "it said, 'I am being murdered by—'"

He stopped short and puffed at his cigaret.

"Yes! Yes! What more did it say?" we clamored.

Old Shayler puffed hugely, so that the glowing tobacco, before it sank into hidden grayness, shed a bright light on the faces round him.

"It said nothing more!" he answered in slow tones. "But I rushed out to the police station (there were no telephones in those days) and when the storm was finished I got the sergeant to drive out to Bromyard; for I couldn't leave the office myself for any length of time. And when he got there he found poor Jacky's body on the floor by a basket, his head hammered in with a poker, and the safe open and all the cash and registered letters gone."

"But was there no clew to the murderer?"

"None at all. There were all sorts of theories, though. And I had mine!"

"What was it?" asked Beechcroft, shudderingly, at my side.

It was the first time he had spoken, and his fingers on my wrist were wringing wet.

"Yes: what was it?" I echoed.

"Have any of you young fellows another cigaret?" came the question, with aggravating lack of haste.

I thrust a packet into his hands. He took one, lit it, and then went on, between great puffs.

"The police thought it was a skilled burglar, because the safe was opened with skeleton keys. But I think it was one of Jacky's own colleagues!"

"Good Heavens!" cried some one. "You don't mean—!"

"I mean," went on old Shayler, "that it was some one who knew Jacky, and whom Jacky was glad to see. And then when the fight began he was able to hold the brute off with one hand while he sent the message with the other. And then the burglar must have hit him on the head and stunned him, which would have been easy, for Jacky was a small man and no bigger than little Teddy here."

"But why did he have to kill Jacky if he was stunned?"

"That's what makes me think it was some one that Jacky knew. And dead men tell no tales!"

The lightning lit up our faces again: the rain had grown to hail, and the thunder still rumbled across the glass roof. Beechcroft at my side looked almost moribund with fear. I tried to loose his fingers from my wrist but it was useless.

And before I could remonstrate Teddy broke in.

"So Jacky Soames was killed before he could signal the murderer's name. But it was a pretty near thing!"

For the first time that night old Shayler answered a question swiftly and direct.

"I believe he did signal the name!" he said.

"But how—if he was overpowered—and if before, why didn't you hear it?"

"Because the wires were broken!" said the old man, triumphantly. "Because the lightning struck a tree on the high road, and a branch fell and broke the wires. That's why I never got the name!"

"Nor never will!" put in Beechcroft in his high pitched voice.

"I'm not so sure!" cried Shayler. "The word was sent, and the word is floating about yet and the mills of God are sure!"

He fell silent again.

"I've had enough of this!" said Teddy Saunders. "It's fairly giving me the horrors. I can see the whole thing quite plain."

"Strikes me we shall be here this time to-morrow!" put in somebody, gloomily. "The Prime Minister's a long time pegging out!"

As he spoke, an instrument in the far corner of the gallery began to vibrate. "M.R.," "M.R.," "M.R.," it clicked in Morse code. "M.R." was the call for Murcester.

"He's dead!" cried Teddy. "They're calling us from the Towers. And how are we to manage without the light?"

I leaned forward and listened hard.

"It isn't from the Towers at all!" I shouted. "The Towers' wire is the other side. It sounds like Bromyard. But it can't be!"

Old Shayler leaped to his feet.

"It's Jacky Soames!" he cried. "I should know his touch among a million!"

None of us spoke: none of us dared move. If we doubted, it was only because we dared not believe. And the nails of the fingers that held my wrist dug and twisted and tore into the flesh.

"M.R.," "M.R.," "M.R.," clicked the sounder, and then spelled out a word.

"B-e-e-c-h-c-r-o-f-t!"



Parisian Fashion Model XVII B
FROM LIFE.

By special contract with
REUTLINGER, PARIS

Maison Bernard:—Coat of marten with collar of ermine.



Parisian Fashion Model XVIII B

FROM LIFE

By special contract with
REUTLINGER, PARIS

Maison Lanot:—Princesse costume of black velvet; the corsage
is trimmed with white lace.



Parisian Fashion Model XIX B
FROM LIFE

By special contract with
REUTLINGER, PARIS

Maison Redfern:—Visiting costume of green, with ornaments of
black appliqué.



Parisian Fashion Model XX B
FROM LIFE

By special contract with
REUTLINGER, PARIS

Maison Bechoff-David:—Afternoon costume of mauve, trimmed
with satin braid.



Parisian Fashion Model XXI B
FROM LIFE

By special contract with
REUTLINGER, PARIS

Maison Louise:—Tailored costume of blue, with white guimpe.



Parisian Fashion Model 'XXII B
FROM LIFE

By special contract with
REUTLINGER, PARIS

Maison Redfern:—Evening costume of olive green satin: the
satin coat trimmed with white and Brandenburg lace



Parisian Fashion Model XXIII B
FROM LIFE

By special contract with
REUTLINGER, PARIS

Maison Louise:—Coat of light blue velvet, trimmed with marten.



Parisian Fashion Model XXIV B

FROM LIFE

By special contract with
REUTLINGER, PARIS

Maison Bernard:—Coat of ermine, edged with marten, and lined
with lace.



The Auctioneer

In this character Mr. Warfield made his first bid for serious consideration

David Warfield

BY LOUIS V. DE FOE

THE goal of achievement which ever stretches before the adventurer for histrionic fame may be likened to a vast, distant mountain-chain. Towering high into the placid blue rise lofty peaks, seemingly, so near, so easy; actually, so remote, so difficult. They are inviting in their quiet solitude, hospitable in their dazzling brilliancy. They reveal nothing of crag, precipice, and avalanche which defend their summits from the conquest of men. All that is rugged or dangerous is veiled in magnificent expanse. They inspire and persuade the wayfarer and then, with cruel deliberation and illimitable

power, they dishearten and, too often, annihilate him.

So, also, is it with the pinnacles of dramatic-art which invite the ascent of genius. They coax and entice only to strew obstacles along the steep paths which lead to the heights. Sometimes a climber, more determined than the rest, emerges upon a summit. The world seems at his feet, but looking again, another peak looms just beyond. This conquered, leads only to another. He who would dwell in the sunshine above the clouds must have the heart and sinews to press ever onward.

There are the first easy ridges of mirth which form the foot-hills of comedy. Rougher and sterner rise the bristling crags of melodrama. At equal elevations round-about cluster the similar summits of melodrama's various forms. Still higher are the difficult altitudes of the drama that diagnose and define character. Then, in the beyond, clothed in majesty and dwarfing all the rest, towers the crystalline peak of tragedy.

How gifted and strong-limbed are the fortunate few who attain this supreme goal! To climb at all is to master the book of life, for the mountain-peaks of histrionic art, whether they be lowly or lofty, are manifestations of the upheavals of human nature.

Upon one of the lower plateaus of theatrical art David Warfield emerged about seven years ago. His upward climb, which had begun in obscurity in the far West, had already lasted fifteen years. Step by step it had carried him through the variety theatres and music-halls and over the discouraging vicissitudes of the one-night stands. Sometimes he had faltered, but he had never gone backward. If his eyes were fixed upon the heights of the legitimate drama he had never confessed it. Probably they were not. Acting, to him, was only an obedience to an instinctive impulse.

What had first led him to impersonate character, he, himself, does not know. He once told me that his mental nature craved it, just as his physical nature craved food and water. Love of the theatre was born in him, but heredity did not ordain that he become an actor. As a poor newsboy in San Francisco he lingered at stage-entrances during the day and watched the players come and go. In the evenings he handed out programs for the privilege of looking upon the mysteries of the stage. When he had money, which was not often, it was spent for gallery-seats. Before audiences of street-urchins on the sidewalks he imitated what he had seen from his eyrie in the lofts. As mimicry, early, was his gift, so acting, later, became his bent.

One day, in the late '80's, Frank Wright, a San Francisco actor, paused to

watch one of Warfield's sidewalk-performances. "You ought to go on the stage," he said, and passed along. These were the first encouraging words he had ever received and they fired the boy's ambition. But it was not until months later that he realized that in Wright he had also found a friend. Through this actor he obtained the recommendation for his first engagement.

In a water-tank company, formed to barn-storm the Pacific Coast, Warfield got his start and sallied forth to play *Moss*, in "The-Ticket-of-Leave-Man." He did not play it long. At the end of the week the sheriff of a mountain-town had the trunk which he was sharing with another member of the thespian aggregation and he was counting the railroad ties back to San Francisco to resume an ushering job in the Baldwin Theatre. He next went out as the old man in "The Queen's Shilling," but the company broke up within a fortnight. It languished, not because of the dictum of a hard-hearted sheriff, but on account of a lack of public appreciation of its particular brand of art. In other words, it disbanded with dignity. In his third and last attempt in California Warfield tried the variety stage—the Wigwam in San Francisco—where he gave his sidewalk-impersonations. He got his money this time—forty-four dollars—and reassured by the jingle of the gold in his pockets he set his face toward New York, the actor's land of promise.

For three weeks he wandered in the metropolis out of work. He was half-sick, for he had not been accustomed to the rigors of an Eastern winter. One day, when his funds were running low and his meals had been reduced to a roll and a cup of coffee, chance led him into Miner's Eighth Avenue Theatre. The manager was filling beer glasses but he paused to listen to the request for a job. He even allowed Warfield to give a Hebrew impersonation as a specimen of what he could do. Presumably the manager was dubious of the result for, though he put Warfield in the bill at fifteen dollars a week, he took the precaution to make him the "chaser" of the show. A "chaser," in

variety parlance, is the last entertainer on the program. His office is not so much to entertain as to remind the audience that it is time to leave.

But on the following week Warfield and his Hebrew impersonation—his only paraphernalia was an old hat—had the place of honor in the bill. A little later another music-hall wanted him at double the wages. All this occurred in the winter of 1890. When Spring came he had ceased to pursue managers; the magnates of the music-halls were in hot pursuit of him.

Then Warfield for a time acted in traveling companies. William A. Brady gave him a part in "The Inspector." He played an Irish washerwoman in "O'Dowd's Neighbors." The late John Russell took him into "The City Directory," where he gave a burlesque of the scene from "Othello" in which the Moor smothers Desdemona. As I remember it at the Chicago Opera House, where I first saw Warfield in 1895, it was a side-splitting travesty, funnier and more to the point than the acts of most of our present high-priced vaudeville stars.

A few seasons in grotesque rôles in musical productions at the New York Casino paved Warfield's way to Weber & Fields' Music Hall. That little temple of nonsense was then in its heyday and its drag-net was spread for the finest burlesque talent. The actor soon became the most popular member of its all-star cast. The Hebrew parodies in which he invari-

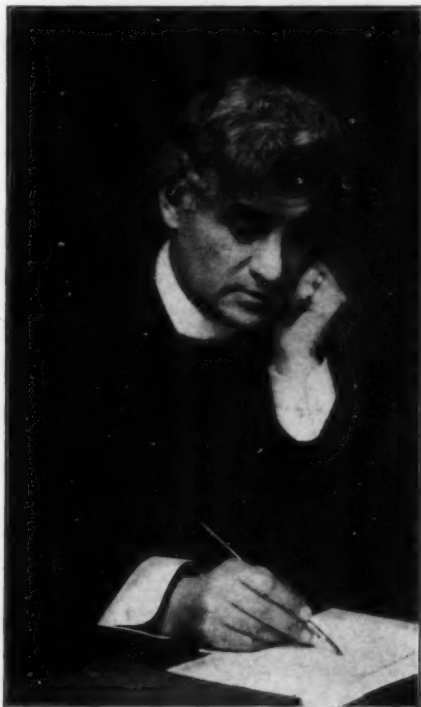
ably appeared were not merely surface creations. Beneath their grotesquery they contained a deep, human note which won respect even while they excited merriment. New York soon came to regard Warfield's Hebrew as a little masterpiece study of its own Lower East Side life.

In the burlesque of successful plays which formed the after-pieces at Weber & Fields' Warfield attempted other lines of humorous acting. Through these and

by accident he at length began to show traces of the tenderness and pathos which are now the commanding qualities of his art. This touch of sincerity had first come to the surface strongly in his rôle of the old man in the burlesque of "Catharine," but it attracted only slight notice. The mirth-loving audiences at Weber & Fields' did not want to look upon the sober side of life. They gathered to forget yesterday and the morrow, and to worship, in a blue haze of tobacco smoke, the gods and goddesses of frivolity. They were merry pagans bent, for the time, upon forgetting

that existence has its serious side.

"Barbara Fidgety" followed Catharine" at the Music Hall. The travesty was aimed at Clyde Fitch's sentimental comedy, "Barbara Frietchie," which, with Miss Julia Marlowe in its title rôle, was enjoying much popularity a few blocks up Broadway. It offered no burlesque rôle that placed a humorous demand upon Mr. Warfield. So he was relegated to the character of a half-crazy lover of Barbara, and wandered about at will.



David Belasco
Guide, Counselor, and Friend of the other
David—Warfield

Chance had hidden in this insignificant part the golden opportunity which Mr. Warfield was to make an open sesame to a new world of legitimate dramatic-art. It contained a single speech of mock-pathos and when the actor uttered it there was a tremulous sadness in his voice and a hesitating, wistful tenderness in his manner which acted like magic upon the careless, merry audience. Laughter ceased and sudden silence fell. Here, indeed, was a miracle! At last had come an actor on Weber & Fields' band-box stage, who could compel his audiences, in spite of themselves, to pause and think!

I observed this new, unexpected quality in Mr. Warfield's acting on the night of the first performance of "Barbara Fidgety" and I noticed it on many subsequent nights. I do not mean that it uncovered to me new possibilities in the actor's future; I only watched it with curiosity wondering if it were accidental or intentional. Others, as well, had detected it. Among them was David Belasco, then, as now, the quickest and surest manager in American theatricals to divine undeveloped dramatic-talent. He was casting about for a young actor whom he could mold and refine according to the processes by which he had lifted Mrs. Leslie Carter among the stars. He saw at a glance that the material he had long sought was at hand and soon Mr. Warfield was invited to join the coveted circle of his artistic family.

Without the benefit of Mr. Belasco's counsel and guidance and denied the aid of the unrivaled stage management which has insured at least the popular success of every production made by this wizard of lights and canvas during the last nine years, it is doubtful if Mr. Warfield's conquest of the admiration of our whole theatre-going public could have been accomplished in seven years. On the other hand, had Mr. Warfield not possessed a positive genius to portray human nature in its mingled tear-compelling and mirth-provoking aspects, the training undertaken by Mr. Belasco would have been of little avail. He might have drilled his pupil to become a performer of ability, perhaps of considerable force, but he

could never have lifted him to the heights in the drama that sounds the wells of human emotion and peers into the hidden recesses of human motives.

How great a debt the actor realizes he owes the manager who gave him his first real chance to ascend to the heights was disclosed only a short time ago when he refused, without hesitation, a guaranteed contract carrying a ten years' compensation of \$1,000,000 to become a star under another manager. "I am bound for life by ties of gratitude to Mr. Belasco," he said. The other side of this stupendous theatrical offer is that, during the two and one-half years in which Mr. Warfield appeared as old *Anton Von Barwig* in "The Music Master," his income, derived solely from his acting, was in proportion to more than double that sum.

Simon Levi, the lovable old peddler in "The Auctioneer" by Lee Arthur and Charles Klein, quickly took its place in the gallery of notable creations of the stage. With Mr. Warfield it was a cautious, almost experimental, step. In exterior phases it was the Hebrew whom he had so often impersonated at Weber & Fields', but with the added touch of sentiment and a finer, nobler humanity. The critics and the public at large were looking upward toward the actor but, when he emerged, it was at an altitude higher than they had dreamed. The character established his power over the emotions but it was a power, some feared, that was restricted to a narrow range.

Three years later came *Anton Von Barwig*, the German musician, in "The Music Master." The play, as Charles Klein, with the assistance of David Belasco wrote it, was a marvel of simple truth and human tenderness. Its story of the kindly, patient, homely yet determined and persevering old father in search of the daughter who had been taken from him in her babyhood, was so pathetic in its picture of parental solicitude and so lovely in its gentleness and noble self-sacrifice that it appealed to every mind and heart. Mr. Warfield's acting gave to it the final conquering touch. Where he had been photographic before, he now revealed the inner nature of the new character. His portrayal was

instinct with life. He was not Warfield impersonating *Von Barwig*, but *Von Barwig*, himself. The presentment he offered was one of nature, idealized by perfectly controlled art; yet, in creating it, he narrowed, more than any other actor has done in the domestic drama, the margin that separates nature and art.

Nearly a million people saw "The Music Master" through their smiles and tears. To them the impersonation of *Von*

Barwig seemed without effort on the actor's part. How little did they know that, in all its delicate shadings and varying moods, it was the result of exact calculation, of exhaustivestudy, of a perfectly acquired control of the complicated machinery of histrionic art! It is this firm command of self, this perfect adjustment of inspiration and judgment, which lifts actors into the realm of greatness. The player, to realize the ultimate of his art, cannot rely upon the inspiration of the moment. He must play, not upon his own feelings, but upon the feelings of his audience. He must be,

at once, the character he essays to portray, and himself. Not until he has attained perfect command of these dual forces can he be counted a great artist. The late Joseph Jefferson enjoyed such a command to a remarkable degree. It was characteristic of the acting of the late Sir Henry Irving. The late Richard Mansfield also had it. David Warfield is proving that he, too, possesses it. Therefore to the higher pinnacles of fame may not his upward progress lead!

That Mr. Warfield should have abruptly turned away from the character of *Von Barwig* at a moment when the plaudits of the theatre-going world were ringing around him and an independent fortune was within his grasp furnishes a proof of his artistic intention, quite as conclusive as his acting in the rôle. It must be remembered, with regret, that *Rip Van Winkle*, glorious as the creation was, stagnated Mr. Jefferson. "Monte

Cristo" proved a mill-stone around James O'Neill's neck. Other players, potentially great, have missed the final goal through avarice or obedience to a public clamor. The theatrical profession is strewn with wrecks of artistic stagnation.

When the kindly, gentle *Von Barwig* threatened to become a Frankenstein monster that would turn and crush out his artistic-life Mr. Warfield promptly abandoned him and set about to prove that there were other beauties of homely life and depths of human passion that he had not yet explored.

Dialect had been the staff that had helped him to his eminence. It had been charged that he must lean upon it for his success. He resolved to break the staff. He determined to show that he could create an illusion without the aid of eccentric speech.

With these objects in view a transformed Warfield has just revealed himself as *Wes' Bigelow*, the hero of "A Grand Army Man," the new domestic drama by the Misses Phelps and Short



David Warfield
as Himself

It has been said of Mr. Warfield that his poetic sense shines in his eyes

and Mr. Belasco which, in this dire season of theatrical failures, is sure to be an impressive and lasting success. Its opening performance was also the ceremony of the dedication of the new Stuyvesant Theatre, built by Mr. Belasco out of the profits of "The Music Master," and easily the most artistic and beautiful, although not the most elaborate or costly playhouse in New York.

In one night Mr. Warfield again asserted his right to rank as the foremost among American actors in the field of domestic drama. His versatility and pliancy were demonstrated beyond question. His *Wes' Bigelow* is a study in *genre* acting, distinct from any other character he has ever created. It is a composite of moods and impulses which range from woman-like gentleness to tempestuous fury. It reveals a noble nature torn in stress and conflict and it is almost as true as life itself. The actor sways the emotions of his audiences at will. Now he arouses merriment and in another instant he touches the heart. In no other character or play of the class to which both belong which I can recall has the line of demarcation between smiles and tears been so nearly obliterated.

I shall outline only briefly this idyl of the home, for its impressiveness and beauty lie, not in its story, but in the touches of humanity with which its characters abound. *Wes' Bigelow* is a grizzled veteran in the Grand Army of the

Republic. The Civil War is a memory of eighteen years and in a little Indiana village he is fighting over and over again, with his comrades in the Grand Army Post, the battles of the past and, with his faithful housekeeper, rearing the orphan-child of a fellow-soldier who, in the earlier days, had won away *Bigelow's* sweetheart and wrecked the happiness of his life. This adopted son, *Robert*, is both ambitious and visionary; he chafes under the restrictions of village life. He is a spoiled child—spoiled by the idolatry of his foster-father.

The Post, of which *Wes' Bigelow* is commander, is about to dedicate a new hall and a portion of the funds is entrusted to *Robert* to deposit in the bank. The boy falls into the hands of sharpers and loses the money in bucket-shop speculation. He is not a thief, but a victim of his innocent trustfulness, yet the extenuating circumstances make him none the less a criminal in the eye of the law. The defalcation becomes known on the evening of the dedication of the hall when *Wes'* is in his glory. A local judge makes the discovery and uses it to repay a grudge he

holds against the veteran.

The grizzled old soldier in vain attempts to shield his foster-child. He will not believe at first that *Robert* is a thief. Then, realizing the disgrace which has fallen upon one whom he has cherished more than his own life, his anger mounts to tumultuous fury. Seizing a horsewhip



Wes' Bigelow
In this character Mr. Warfield rises to heights unexpected even of him

he declares that he will thrash the boy as long as strength remains in his body. The lash falls but once. Bursting into tears and gathering the youth into his embrace he pours out the agony of his aching heart and promises to protect the culprit, come what may, from his misdoings.

In this scene of mingled anger, anguish, and passionate affection Mr. Warfield rises to the climax of his well-controlled power. But his address to the judge in the trial-scene of the succeeding act is an outburst of simple, rugged eloquence and fervid, broken-hearted appeal that bares a distressed soul. *Wes' Bigelow*, meanwhile, has mortgaged his belongings and, with frantic efforts, has raised sufficient money to make restitution for the boy's theft. He heaps it before the judge, begging that *Robert* be spared the disgrace of a prison-sentence. But justice takes its course and the prisoner is sent away for a year, while his loyal foster-parent goes sadly home to bear his chagrin and despair, and to lay new plans for the youth's rehabilitation before the world.

On the following New Year's Day *Robert* obtains a pardon.

When he presents himself at *Wes' Bigelow's* door the members of the Grand Army Post are there, struggling to cheer up their old comrade. The lad's sweetheart has been faithful so the dawning of the new year finds the little family again united, resolved to forget the past, and hopeful for the future.

This short sketch gives the substance but not the spirit of the drama. Its beauty lies in its verisimilitude to the life it represents, to its perfectly contrived and well-sustained atmosphere of simple, humble existence, emphasized by countless delicate and natural touches, and to

the cleverness with which it reveals the inner natures of its characters. The numerous rôles are well portrayed, but the lovely spirit of old *Wes' Bigelow*, shining through David Warfield's broad and free but well-controlled art, is its most beautiful adornment. The drama is an admirable frame which encloses and sets off one of the lesser masterpieces of character-lining of the present stage.

I say a "lesser masterpiece" without disparagement of Mr. Warfield or his art. In the path he has traveled he has, indeed, gone farthest. He now stands first among actors in emotional domestic-comedy. He is neither a photographer nor a mimic, but an artist who goes to Nature for his ideals and who holds under firm control the shadings and nuances which express those ideals.

There are, however, other paths to travel, other peaks to scale before he stands before the supreme pinnacle of his art. He has not yet entered the field of the poetic, imaginative drama which invokes the sublime passion and sets in conflict the mightiest forces of the human will. He has yet to woo the Tragic Muse. But his years are



The Music Master

One of the most tenderly sympathetic and humanly appealing figures in the whole range of the modern drama

in his favor and fortune has given him the means to pursue his ambitions to their final conquest. What are those ambitions? Do they exist perfectly visualized before the inner eye of the actor—the eye that in himself, perhaps, discovers those springs of our common emotions and which he projects for us and makes clear through the medium of his art? Is it reasonable to believe that his poet-soul does not aspire to the greatest heights? To me, knowing him, it is not. A few years ago, it will be recalled, David Warfield's name was associated with a projected series of performances of the classic-poetic drama. At that time—so vivid were our recollections of him as the *Auctioneer*—we smiled. But as the years have passed; as new depths of his art have been revealed to us; as, from the chrysalis of the old Weber and Fields' days, this brilliant artist

has emerged, does it seem so unreasonable to associate him with certain of those characters upon which the institution of the English drama rests? It is not well to prophesy; especially is it unwise to prophesy in matters of the theatre, and so loath am I to indulge the indiscretion now, that I will merely say "I do not know."

Alone, the night's work over, does David Warfield dream the poet's dream? That, I know he does. And knowing him as I do, sharing with him certain of his hopes and aspirations, of which after all, I am not privileged to speak, as thus far they have no bearing upon his relations with the thousands of American playgoers whose servant he is, I may only say: His is not a nature that rests in contentment when the crystalline peak gleams before his upturned gaze.



THE TWO DAVIDS

David Belasco, master theatrical-craftsman, and David Warfield, on the stage of the Stuyvesant Theatre on the afternoon before the opening of "A Grand Army Man," Mr. Warfield's new play.

Mr. Belasco is giving his star a final word of advice